

FEBRUARY 5, 1944

AMERICA

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Richard Pattee

CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH

Auleen B. Eberhardt

CHAPLAINS AT WAR

Stephen B. Earley

INCOME TAXES AND TITHES IN AMERICAN REVENUE LAWS

John J. Cracraft

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE

Martin Quigley



COL. CONRAD
H. LANZA

WILFRID
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DELANEY



A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOLUME LXX

15 CENTS

NUMBER 18

"INCREASED DEVOTION..."

Ten million Americans, already serving in the Armed Forces, have dedicated their time, their efforts, and their lives, if need be, to the Nation. Thousands have already *given* their lives.

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He said: "It is for us, the living, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they (the fallen) have thus far so nobly advanced."

★
**FOURTH
WAR
LOAN**
★



★
**LET'S ALL
BACK THE
ATTACK**
★

He said: "It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us . . . that we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion. . ."

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Associate Editors: HAROLD C. GARDINER, BENJAMIN L. MASSE,
W. EUGENE SRIELS, CHARLES KEENAN, JOHN P. DELANEY

Contributing Editors: WILFRID PARSONS, ROBERT A. GRAHAM
Editorial Office: 329 W. 108TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY 25

President, America Press: FRANCIS X. TALBOT Treas.: JOSEPH A. LENNON
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AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

FEBRUARY 5, 1944

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WHO'S WHO

RICHARD PATTEE, who last week distinguished between Catholic cultural tradition and Catholic political influence in Latin America, now presents another distinction for North Americans to ponder—the relative fitness, for Latin America, of democracy according to old Spanish practice as against the brand of democracy we seek to impose. Mr. Pattee, head of the Latin-American Section of the State Department's Division of Cultural Relations from 1938 to 1943, is an observer and writer for NCWC in Central America. . . . AULEEN B. EBERHARDT is a resident of Dubuque, Iowa, whose vocation is that of housewife and mother, and whose avocation is stirring up organized action by communities on behalf of religious interests. Her plan for support of the Catholic Press is especially timely. . . . JOHN J. CRACRAFT is not running for Congress but, if he is not on guard, he will be drafted by harassed taxpayers to whom his clear information on allowable deductions for income tax will be a ray of light in the darkness of complicated tax verbiage. Mr. Cracraft, Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue in the Minnesota District, warns that his observations should not be interpreted as pronouncements of the Bureau, but are based on accepted practice by it. . . . STEPHEN B. EARLEY continues his discussion of Catholicism in the Services, begun last week, with an account of the part played by the Chaplains. The last chapter—on the part played by laymen—will follow. . . . MARTIN QUIGLEY who, as a Catholic layman has long exerted an influence in the motion-picture industry for the betterment of screen entertainment, tells of *The Song of Bernadette*. He is an editor and publisher of motion-picture trade journals.

COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Stalin Blunders. The Soviet Government, in what is described as a cordial note which did not close the matter completely, has rejected Secretary Hull's offer to mediate the boundary dispute with Poland. The time, according to the Russians, is not yet ripe for such a step. Perhaps it is not. Perhaps it would be wiser to forego all territorial settlements until the end of hostilities. But the Russians ought to be reminded that they, not Secretary Hull, have made the Polish-Soviet boundary a subject of immediate concern. The really disquieting aspect of Premier Stalin's present policy is the evidence it furnishes of the seeming Soviet unwillingness, in the matter of Poland, to abide by the Atlantic Charter and the agreements of Moscow and Teheran. The concern felt in United Nations' circles was well expressed by a question put to Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden in the English Parliament on January 26. The questioner wished to know whether the British Government had abandoned its previous stand on Poland and its adherence to the principles of the Atlantic Charter. Mr. Eden's reply was as heartening as it was unequivocal. He said:

His Majesty's Government do not recognize any territorial changes which have been effected in Poland since August, 1939.

This remains the position. His Majesty's Government, of course, stand by the principles enunciated in the Atlantic Charter.

That is plain warning to Mr. Stalin that Britain and, inferentially, the United States are in no mood to countenance a unilateral settlement of the Polish-Soviet boundary which would be imposed by naked force.

Soldiers and Labor. Pledgers for a Universal Service Act are, we fear, giving a picture of the American soldier which is far from flattering. It is a picture that has been played up every time a union has asked for a raise, threatened a strike or said a word about workers' rights. The American soldier lying in Italian mud, flying a plane through a burning hail of gunfire, plowing through a dense Pacific jungle, is supposed to feel that he is "being discriminated against," that he "is being treated unjustly" because all workers are not drafted, because workers on the home front insist that wages keep pace with the cost of living. The American soldier is daily facing death, we are told, for fifty dollars a month. Why should workers be allowed to demand fifty dollars a week? Carry the argument far enough, and we should be forced to conclude that in time of war nobody at all in the country should be allowed more than a soldier's pay. Not even the officers who command the soldiers. Not even the President who commands the officers who command the soldiers. It would be better to forget com-

pletely that whole line of argument. Soldiers are not facing death for fifty dollars a month. The vast majority of them are facing death for love of country, and that means love of their dear ones at home. They grouch—and legitimately—if anyone of their own age and condition is allowed by trickery, chicanery or political pull to escape military service. They resent the very idea that anyone at all, worker or employer, is allowed to use the war to profiteer. They resent having their work and blood and death dragged into every political fight. They do not grouch because a father, a married brother, a sister succeeds in earning enough money to keep the decent kind of home they as soldiers are fighting to preserve. Stop slandering the servicemen.

Blood on the Appian. This war is bringing thousands of our troops into closer physical contact with Christianity than they have ever experienced before. Recent newsfilms have shown them kneeling reverently (even if only curiously, it is still a gain) at the spot hallowed by Our Lord's birth; now they are inching their way toward another sacred place, the Appian Way, where the blood of Christian martyrs was shed. Lovely names cluster around the milestones of that ancient way—Caecilia, Peter—and who knows but that other names, in God's sight, are finding and will find full fellowship with the martyrs there—names like Pfc John Jones or Sgt. Peter Jackson or Nurse Mary Schwartz. With the heavy costs that lie ahead, we wish that every mother and father in the land could turn back in our pages and read an article that was and is rich in strength and consolation, *Our Soldier Dead: Are They Martyrs?* (May 29, 1943). If our cause be just and the individual soldiers' dispositions right, where better can they spend themselves against the forces of evil than on the sacred sites where others were prodigal of life that, through Him, they might win it?

Post-war Planning. People who are alarmed by talk of postwar planning fall mostly into two classes: 1) those who are genuinely fearful lest concentration on future problems obscure the necessities of the present and prolong the war; 2) those who live in daily dread lest postwar planning prevent a return to the good old days when labor unions were inconsequential and the word of Wall Street was law in Washington. Both groups received a jolt recently when it became known that since Pearl Harbor 1,028,000 men have been discharged from the Armed Services. The job of reintegrating these men into civilian life cannot be postponed until the day of final victory. Some of them are wounded and need hospitalization; others require vocational

rehabilitation; many must be helped to continue studies interrupted by the war; and the great majority need assistance in finding work, either in their old jobs, where these are still open, or in new occupations. While there exists a fairly widespread impression that the discharged servicemen are being neglected, the facts show that both the Government and private agencies have been alert to their obligations. The War Manpower Commission, the Veterans' Administration, the Federal Security Administration, the United States Employment Service, the Armed Services themselves are all working on the problem. Private industry is reported to be hiring discharged veterans at the rate of 70,000 a month, and to be showing special concern for the disabled. The only objection to planning of this kind is that there has not been, as yet, enough of it.

World Labor Congress. To the intense disgust of British liberals and labor leaders, the Executive Council of the A.F. of L., which has just concluded a two-weeks' meeting at Miami, Fla., reaffirmed its refusal to attend the World Labor Congress in London this coming June. Called by the British Trades Union Congress, the Conference is supposed to discuss labor's participation in the peace settlement and in the postwar world. In agreement with their British brothers on the necessity of such a meeting, A.F. of L. leaders resent the invitation sent to the Soviet trade unions and insist that only "free" trade unions have the right to participate in the deliberations. The CIO has already accepted the British invitation, and this, too, may have had some influence on the Executive Council's decision. But the overpowering consideration was, undoubtedly, the consistent A.F. of L. stand against collaboration with Russian unions, which admittedly are completely controlled by a dictatorial State. The CIO has been none too clear in explaining its willingness to discuss matters affecting the world policy of the "free, democratic labor movement" with what are to all intents and purposes company unions. Perhaps right-wing CIO leaders hope to have a beneficial influence on the Soviet delegates. But the A.F. of L. remains skeptical and without doubt has chosen the safer course. Whether it is also the more constructive course is not entirely clear. It might help the Russians to see how unions function in a democracy. It might give them ideas!

Cost of Living. It must often seem strange to the ordinary housewife that there should be such violent arguments about the rise in the cost of living. It is such a simple thing. Last year, or the year before, sugar and butter and beets cost so much a pound. This year they cost so much more. Last year little Pete's shoes cost so much and they lasted so many months. This year they cost so much more and they last so many months less. Last year it was possible to buy fairly cheap school-dresses for the girls. This year the low-cost dresses are no longer on the market. The higher priced ones are not more serviceable for school wear but, if they are the only ones on the market, what can a housewife do? A statistician will tell the house-

wife that the price of dresses may have gone up only twenty-five per cent. He has figures to prove it. That very same style of dress last year cost exactly twenty-five per cent less; but last year or the year before, my dear statistician, Mrs. Housewife would not have been buying that dress. She would have been buying a still cheaper one, now no longer on the market. The statistician will say—and prove by figures—that shoes, stockings, anything you like, have gone up only twenty-five per cent. The housewife, however, may know that for some strange reason the articles are wearing out much faster this year, and she strongly suspects that statistics have not yet taken into account that very important fact. Recently Philip Murray testified before a Senate committee that the typical steel worker's cost of living had gone up fifty per cent since 1941. Mr. A. F. Hinrichs of the Bureau of Labor Statistics presented the bureau's estimate of 23.5 percent. We rather suspect that the ordinary housewife, who is only mildly statistical, would be inclined to award the debate to Mr. Murray.

March of Dimes. Greer Garson and Tyrone Power and other film greats are making moving appeals from the screen for your contributions to the fight-infantile-paralysis funds. Certainly stricken youngsters do plead with all the eloquence of their bewildered eyes and twisted limbs for the deep love and charity that will motivate our delving into pocket and purse, that they may have a physically normal young life and an equal chance for the future. But, if you were a planned parent-hooder (they are conventioning again, at present writing, in New York), the March of Dimes ought logically to leave you as untouched by human sympathy as Arcturus, as unmoved as Boulder Dam. See—if it is unfair to our nation, if it is uneconomical, wasteful, short-sighted, for mothers and fathers to have children who may, in all likelihood, be normally healthy, then how much more wasteful and ill-planned it is to lavish time, money and energy on the handicapped youngsters. They are a burden on the community, and the President ought to give his endorsement, not to homes for their probable cure, but to euthanasia parlors for their certain extinction and the alleviation of the national debt. If probably healthy children are unwanted and prevented, why ought not chronically unhealthy children not be wanted and be put away? If Planned Parent-hooders dig down into their jeans for the March of Dimes, they do so from mere sentimentality—for them it is a farce; it is not a pilgrimage, as it ought to be, of Christian love for the little ones—it is a March of Mimes.

Widening the Libel Laws. The question whether our libel laws or other restrictions (State or Federal) on public utterance need to be sharpened is being agitated by persons and groups who are very much concerned over increasing group or race tensions. Such increase was noted recently by Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson. In his address before the New York State Bar Association, Justice Jackson mentioned the great multiplication

of cases coming up before his court which originated in some kind of group dissension—industrial, political or racial. In Boston, Cardinal O'Connell and Methodist Bishop Oxnam recently issued a call to offset mounting group and racial animosities. On its face, legislation might seem desirable which would penalize (as does a bill proposed to the New York State Legislature) the publication of any material which will "maliciously promote hatred of any group of persons because of race, color or religion." But apart from the very serious issue of curtailment of free speech, certain rather obvious objections can be raised to these bills. If groups favoring this type of hatred should obtain political control, they could readily use the very language of the bill to suppress any protest against their practices. The determination of the persons and of the standards by which such "promoting" would be defined, would itself become highly controversial. Such legislation could easily defeat its own (in itself praiseworthy) end.

Employment Discrimination. Cautions against impractical schemes, however, do not rule out the advisability of legislation which can act as a deterrent in certain specific, well-defined areas, such as the employment field, where discrimination can be clearly and factually determined. A group of Catholic leaders widely known in the field of social welfare took part recently in Washington, D. C., in deliberations looking for a permanent basis for the President's Fair Employment Practices Committee, through Congressional action. In an open letter, the National Council for a Permanent FEPC insisted: "No other issue is involved but the fundamental human right of all citizens, regardless of race, color, creed or national origin, to work in American industry on equal terms, according to their fitness and ability, a platform for which there can be no reasonable dissent." Catholic support of such legislation does not go unheeded. A statement was recently circulated through the Negro press of the United States by A. Philip Randolph, President of the Brotherhood of Pullman Car Porters and chief protagonist of his race in the labor field, expressing "great gratification" at the work of Catholics "to save and strengthen FEPC, as well as to secure Federal legislation to make it a permanent agency in the postwar world." Support of practical projects, combined with responsible and intelligently conducted educational programs, will go far to make the influence of religion felt in dealing with group hates and tensions.

Atrocities of Bataan. Dismay and horror are the natural reaction to the news of the unspeakable treatment of American and Filipino soldiers captured on Bataan and Corregidor. Those in this country who some months ago received an inkling of the tragedy were prepared for the final report. But we cannot content ourselves with merely denouncing the Japanese torturers. The crimes they perpetrated add to the war's revelations of the inner degradation wrought by modern paganism; they are a summons to homefront sacrifice.

UNDERSCORINGS

HIS Holiness, Pope Pius XII, in an audience recently accorded the Roman nobility, urged that, in the postwar reconstruction, tradition receive its proper place. "Tradition," said His Holiness, "is quite the opposite of reaction, which distrusts all sound progress. . . . It is synonymous with movement and advancement, continuous, tranquil, active."

► In Lisbon His Holiness won a unique law suit, pleading as a private individual for exemption of inheritance tax on a legacy for the establishment of a Catholic Institute in Portugal.

► The reported recognition by the Vatican of the Japanese puppet Philippine Government was vigorously denied by the Holy See. An *obiter dictum* pointed out that "during a war the Holy See does not recognize situations of fact determined by the war itself."

► Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore and Washington, stressed the need of moral and religious education by all denominations, if we would stop juvenile delinquency. He was quoted by *Religious News Service* to the effect that most juvenile delinquency springs from non-religious youth.

► The new revenue bill now pending before Congress requires religious corporations to file income returns "if such associations or corporations have a common treasury or community treasury . . . but only if the members thereof include in their gross income their entire *pro rata* shares, whether distributed or not, of the net income of the association or corporation for such year." Behind this vagueness some see a move to tax many organizations now tax-exempt.

► Governor Edward Martin of Pennsylvania, addressing the Association of College Presidents of his State, on postwar education, said: "Above everything else, religious culture must be emphasized." He urged that "neither the Federal nor the State governments should have any part in direction of the policies of the institutions attended by returning veteran-students. The education offered them should be non-political. . . ." Meanwhile Very Rev. Edward J. Stanford, President of Villanova College, issued a stern warning against precedents established in wartime "which may pave the way for Federal control of education."

► The press was lately stirred because the Archbishop of San José in Costa Rica, Msgr. Sanabria, was refused entrance into Guatemala for a Eucharistic Congress on the grounds that he had "gone Communist" and assisted his country to frame its "Communist" Labor Code. To the Guatemalan foreign office, President Guardia Calderón of Costa Rica had this to say of his Archbishop: "The intellectual and moral cut of the Archbishop of San José is above all mercenary attack and unjust criticism. To suggest that he has failed in his duties as a Catholic prelate, through alliances with parties contrary to the doctrines of the Church, surpasses all the previous audacities of the (Guatemalan) *Nuestro Diario* in passing judgments on our affairs."

THE NATION AT WAR

DURING the week ending January 24, the major fighting has continued to be in Russia. But more interesting events have occurred in Italy.

On Saturday, the 22nd, the Allies landed a large expedition on the west Italian coast near Nettuno, which is a minor port. The object was to cut off the German forces, which were opposing the main Allied army along the Garigliano River, about forty miles to the south. At the same time a heavy attack was launched against the Germans along this river, to drive them north towards the new force now in their rear. Capture of Rome was to be the final prize. The Germans up to date of writing seem to have ignored the landing near Nettuno, which met no opposition. Instead of retiring northwards from the Garigliano River area, they have done just the opposite. They have attacked southwards. A very heavy battle is in progress.

In Russia, a new Russian army has lifted the siege of Leningrad, which has been in progress for two and a quarter years. The Germans were recently only three miles outside of that city. They had shelled the town for weeks with large guns.

The Russian attack has captured the guns, and driven forward about twenty miles. This will enable rail communications to Leningrad to be reestablished. At the same time, and in connection with this attack, a second offensive was launched just north of Lake Ilmen. This has captured Novgorod.

These Russian attacks are aimed at pushing the Germans completely back into Estonia and Latvia. It may take time to accomplish this.

Very strong Russian attacks have continued about the German fortress area of Vitebsk. These have been under way for over two months. According to German accounts, the Russians have lost over 40,000 killed in this venture, and have not been able to advance the fifteen miles necessary to capture this strong place.

Farther south amidst the Pripet, or Pinsk, Marshes the Russians have made considerable gains. On the south side of the marshes, General Vatutin's armies are halted. This is attributed to unseasonable rains, which have made the roads impassable. It is more probable that very strong German forces on his left flank, near Zhaskov, pointed towards Kiev, only eighty miles away, have much to do with the temporary Russian inactivity in this area.

In the Far East the war against Japan is being stepped up. British forces along the frontier between Burma and India have made small advances. As the dry season will end in May, and is now already about half over, it seems improbable that any major offensive will develop here this year.

General MacArthur's forces are advancing in New Guinea. Their objective is the Japanese base at Madang, on the north coast. Australian and American troops are close now, and early capture is probable.

Other troops have completed the occupation of Cape Gloucester in New Britain. One Jap base less!

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

THE political scientists have just had their annual convention in Washington. It was very much as if a technician had come to make a periodical visit to his laboratory, for the political scientists are probably the only ones called scientists who do not actually work in their own laboratory. Moreover, they were met here by a multitude of former colleagues who themselves are actually at work now in the laboratory.

In the exchange of news and views that resulted, the most significant seemed to me to be the concern felt everywhere over the terrific stresses around the country that threaten momentarily to break out into open strife. The picture one gets is that we in the United States are going through precisely the same disrupting process which broke Europe into pieces ten years ago. This is the cultural "lag" of which the social scientists are fond of speaking. It will be remembered that Hitler predicted to Rauschning that this is what would happen to us.

This pre-revolutionary situation is diagnosed in two well-defined areas, not necessarily connected with each other. One is that which sets Jews and Gentiles at odds with one-another; and the other is the bitter feeling between the farmers and the city workers.

The racial-religious strife is very different from the Ku-Klux agitation which accompanied and followed the last war, in the opinion of most observers. As Father LaFarge pointed out last week, it results from an organized movement, and movements always have the result of creating counter-movements. The end-result, deliberately intended, is mutual recrimination and the feeling on each side that the other is persecuting it. The pattern is perfectly familiar to any social scientist who followed European events during the past two generations.

The strife in the economic area is somewhat different and, in the opinion of many, the real focus of revolutionary activity. Numerous incidents, well-authenticated, indicate an extreme of bitterness on the part of farm areas and small towns against the big-city workers, with the soldiers (shades of Leninist Russia!) on the side of the farmers. Moreover, the paralysis of the labor movement through internal dissension—A.F. of L.-C.I.O. and white-Negro differences—creates the usual type of confusing cross-currents so well known to students of social history.

This does not seem to me to be the theorizing of scholars. It is something that has administrators in Washington extremely worried. The politicians among them are worried, too, for the Democrats do not win in this country except when they have united the farmers and the workers in a single front.

There was noticeable among the visitors a certain amount of curiosity about the Catholic Church; whether our leaders realize the nature of the situation and its seriousness, and what they propose to do about it.

WILFRID PARSONS

HOW TO JUDGE DEMOCRACY AMONG THE LATIN AMERICANS

RICHARD PATTEE

IN the United States we have an unfortunate habit of reducing an abstruse and complicated subject to almost infantile simplicity. We go farther and almost inevitably seek, in every other system which happens to meet our favor, similarities, analogies and downright counterparts which, up to the time that we decided it merited our support, went entirely unsuspected.

The Soviet Union is the most eloquent example of this reduction *ad simplicitatem*. When we did not like the Russians, their system was bloody, cruel, oppressive and God-hating. When the Germans invaded their territory and they became our allies, Russian democracy bloomed with a vitality heretofore unknown. Liberties that had never been apparent rose up to smack us in the eye. Religious suppression was found to be purely nominal. The treason trials were merely a way of ridding the country of dangerous spies. The Finnish adventure was merely a sagacious and politic move of self-protection.

The American mind is a marvelous and wonderful thing in operation, and in matters relating to foreign affairs, the wonder never ceases to grow. The word *democracy*, which everyone uses day in and day out and never defines or even attempts to define, illustrates this tendency. What a *pot-pourri* of concepts, ideas, ideals and misconceptions are encompassed in this word which most of us rarely attempt to analyze or apply realistically. From the misuse of this, and a host of other political terms, spring untold errors in thinking and in appraising current conditions.

I can think of no more hazardous undertaking than the classification of nations as democratic or anti-democratic or non-democratic or even a-democratic. The problem is so fraught with subtleties and *distinguos* that it would be a hopeless and confusing task. We talk in this war of the democratic nations as opposed to the totalitarian. For the purposes of easy classification, the distinction may serve its purpose. Obviously it will take some pretty elaborate defining and a great deal of elasticity to include, in any commonly acknowledged meaning of democracy, Russia, China, Ethiopia, Mexico, the United States, Guatemala and Iraq. But the designation of the present conflict is another matter and is entirely outside the scope of these observations.

The question is pertinent in the specific application to the other republics of this hemisphere. Two

extremes of thought are often indulged in in this regard. There are those who see in the devotion to a common democratic principle the subtle thread which holds the twenty-one republics together. The opposite school of thought rejects as patently absurd any claim that under the title of democracy can be included such travesties on the system as the Dominican Republic or Honduras. To this sector, which tends to the cynical, democracy in Latin America is a fake and a mockery, and to embrace these republics in any such grouping is to outrage the meaning of the word. I am inclined to think that both views are wrong.

If we mean by democracy merely the right to enter a little curtained chamber sometime on the second Tuesday after the first Monday of every fourth November and manipulate a complicated machine in order to cast a ballot for a long list of unknown citizens, then it is probable that democracy is singularly lacking in the southern republics. If by democracy we mean merely the system of consulting an endless number of people for their opinions—whether they be competent or not—before arriving at a decision, then, too, direct methods may be more to the liking of our Latin-American friends.

The trouble is that democracy, from any point of view, is as wide as the world. There is social, economic and political democracy. There is the democracy that ignores race lines and refuses to set up ethnic barriers. There is democracy on the municipal scale and there is the type that is national in scope. It would be difficult to assume that any one nation had achieved the full measure of democratic development along all the lines of which this concept is susceptible. For this reason, it is always necessary to make careful distinctions.

No, Latin America does not share with the United States the same type of democracy, nor could it possibly be expected to. But, just because Latin America is not made in the image and likeness of the United States, except superficially, there is no reason to assume that it must of necessity be totalitarian, authoritarian or dictatorial. Probably the gravest defect in the whole structure of the Latin-American society is that it is built on political models taken from other countries, grafted onto conditions which had no relation whatsoever to the experience which caused these models to be adopted in the countries of their origin.

To be more precise, Latin America separated

from Spain and became a collection of independent countries at a moment when French and American political experience was the most popular in the world. The constitutions, systems of government, parliamentary ideas and the like, adopted in almost every American nation except Brazil, were taken, if not verbatim, at least almost so, from these two models. France and the United States may have expressed at that time the most effective forms of democratic government, but they reflected a type of democracy utterly alien to that of the Latin-American peoples, which was the inheritance of the Spanish peninsula and partook of completely different qualities.

In brief, Latin America abandoned, after 1825, what may be called for want of a better term the Hispanic type of democracy, to adopt a new form which was a supreme misfit, and which has done these countries irreparable injury during the course of the past century for the simple reason that they have attempted to live up to something that did not respond to reality. Revolution and turmoil have been the reaction to the application of an intolerable and inadequate way of life. This does not mean that what was evolved in the United States or France was not good: it means that it was good for the United States and France but peculiarly incompatible with the three centuries of experience of the Spanish-speaking peoples of America.

This leads us inevitably to the main question: What is this Hispanic democracy of which we are speaking and what are its features? A brilliant Mexican legal scholar, Don Toribio Esquivel Obregón, has pondered this question long and hard in three monumental volumes devoted to a history of Mexican law. In a recent article in the Mexican review, *Jus*, he elaborated certain ideas regarding this essential incompatibility between the Hispanic tradition with its own democracy and the imported variety which remained, in spite of all the good intentions, an extraneous and superimposed garment on the body politic.

Hispanic democracy has an ancient and honorable past. It reaches far back into the turbulent centuries after the eclipse of Rome when the Visigoths dominated in the peninsula. With the appearance of the *Fuero Juzgo* in the seventh century, certain political principles begin to take form. It is not without significance that among the basic precepts in this compilation, with reference to the monarch, is the phrase *Rex eius eris si recta facis, si autem non facis non eris*. This is fairly crudely put and absolutely direct: the monarch is not such merely because he was chosen but because of the virtue revealed in governing. This new system of laws broke sharply with the Roman system that had previously prevailed. Under Visigothic rule, Spanish law became more and more separated from Roman. Two sources appeared which had been ignored under the Romans: the natural law and custom.

Henceforth, the Spanish kings could not, without falling grievously into fault, ignore either the natural law in the Christian concept or the *costumbres*—that is the customs and usages of the people,

sanctioned over a long period of time. During the Moslem conquest, the *fueros* or syntheses of local customs became the legal basis of the Christian society. In the great compilation of Alfonso the Wise, entitled the *Siete Partidas*, this recognition of usage and custom as essential in effective administration is abundant. In this codification, it is not without interest to note that provision is made for the popular and universal approval of the designation of the monarch—a most democratic attribute, considering that the time was the thirteenth century. The Spanish monarchs were constrained in innumerable decrees to recognize the guarantees of custom made by their predecessors, and it was further stipulated that in the application of the sanctions of law, natural law should be the primary guide, reasonable experience and custom next, and the positive law last. This elaborate system of jurisprudence passed to America with the conquest. The Laws of the Indies reflected perfectly this double precept that had grown up: each legal precept was flexible enough to be adapted to local conditions and, secondly, local custom should be respected as far as was compatible with the newly established order.

Under this fairly benign arrangement, the Indian populations retained much of their local system of administration; even to the extent of retaining undisturbed their chieftains and functionaries. Under the monarch and the Viceroy, the Spanish regime in America developed in many ways most democratically. Local administration was left as it was. The municipal councils had almost complete autonomy; the ecclesiastics discussed and approved their own legislation; the lawyers likewise. The first set of commercial laws in New Spain was drawn up by the merchants and business men of the region, to receive later the approval of the Viceroy. In short, there was developed a fairly effective and workable system which decentralized a myriad of functions and brought about an opportunity for popular intervention through local rather than national channels. The Viceroy, of course, was far from absolute, since one of the features of administration was the *residencia* whereby after his retirement he was forced to remain, as a private citizen, to answer the accusations of any member of the community concerning his administration. This salutary provision was only one among many interesting examples of discipline in the interest of probity.

After 1812, with the adoption of the so-called liberal constitution of Cadiz in Spain, the whole trend of events changed. For the first time in Hispanic experience, the idea of nationally-made and nationally-promulgated laws was conceived. For the first time, a representative assembly of persons was to legislate indiscriminately for vast territories. For the first time in centuries of slow and gradual development, the affairs of the Peninsula and the Spanish-American world were to be determined from great distances by representatives chosen or elected, who might or might not be identified in any way with the local district. The transformation was fundamental.

This is not the place to argue the virtues of one

over the other. The medieval, traditional Hispanic system had something of the guild, and possibly something of the corporative idea in it. The important thing was that it worked. It gave results. It became possible for the Spanish Crown to rule in the New World for decade after decade without the use of a professional army over an area incomparably more extended than the Roman Empire.

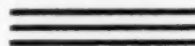
When the Latin-American republics came into being, the minds of those responsible for the formulation of their constitutions and basic laws were engrossed in the examples of the United States and France, with perhaps a hint of British practice. The animosity against Spain was such that not only was the sovereignty of the mother country rejected, but also the experience of three centuries that had gone with it. Indians, Negroes, *mestizos*, *zambos* and combinations of every conceivable shade made up the heterogeneous population of the new republics. The variety of customs, local usages, parochial traditions was infinite. This was swept overboard. The new concept of national unity came into being. Every Indian in the vast highlands of Peru was now to be provided for from Lima, by a group of gentlemen sitting in solemn session, under a document known as the Constitution, which was a copy of the precepts and ideas of the Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of the Rights of Man of France.

Needless to say, the system did not work. It was not a question of race. It is the height of the absurd to assert that democracy cannot be practised except by those of Anglo-Saxon inheritance. There is plainly the democracy that sprang from Magna Carta, the war against Charles I and the struggles in the nineteenth century for the Reform bills. There is another type of democracy which was worked out among the Alpine dwellers in the Swiss cantons. There is another type which observers have described to us in the villages and communities of China, which has nothing to do with the Kuomintang or the regime of Chiang Kai-shek. There is another democracy which grew up out of Christian practice and Christian thinking among the little kingdoms and principalities of central and northern Spain during the early Middle Ages and which spread and became strong as these Christian States pushed back the Moslem interloper. It was this democracy, established on the bed-rock of experience, tradition and common sense, fitting the genius of the people that evolved it, that was transplanted to the Americas and flourished for three hundred years. The pity is that it was struck down so violently with the first great wave of revolt.

It would be well if we understood Latin-American experience in this light. There is no need to make accusations of dictatorship and incapacity for democratic rule. If Latin America could work out the type of democracy peculiar to its own experience and needs, there would be no question of its working. The tragedy is that the governments of Latin American have time and time again done violence to the very experience on which a solid and permanent system might have been erected.

WOMEN AND THE CATHOLIC PRESS

AULEEN B. EBERHARDT



FEBRUARY, 1944, presents American Catholic women with one of the greatest of opportunities to render valiant service to their Church. There is important work to be done this month; the need for whole-hearted service is so great that it behooves every Catholic woman to do her part—freely, generously, enthusiastically.

I refer to the support of the Catholic Press.

February, for years, has been set aside as the month during which Catholics all over America give their organized aid, financial and moral, to their newspapers, magazines and periodicals. For the greater part, the actual work of Press Month—that is, securing of subscriptions, giving speeches, appealing for support before clubs and organizations—has been done by men. Most of us women have been content to sit back and let the men take over Press Month. This was well and good, for there was no need for us to do much about it.

But today—in this war-dominated February of 1944—there are very few men available to work for the Catholic Press. Our eighteen-to-twenty-four-year-old lads have gone off to war. Youthful fathers are in service, too. The husbands of most of us married women are working from ten to fourteen hours a day. Indeed, some of our white-collar men serve at their desks from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. and then, after the evening meal, rush off for four hours' work in a defense plant. Work and necessary recreation fill the days and the nights of the average man. The percentage of those who, this year, can labor for the Catholic Press is very small. We women must take over, as a matter of strict duty.

Our Catholic women today occupy one of the most advantageous positions in their history in America. Taken as a whole, their influence is amazing. Many of them hold places of importance in the professional, business and industrial world. Those who are housewives and homemakers find their purses filled to overflowing, due to the increased revenue from their husbands' businesses, or higher wages. Mothers of young men and women who contribute "board" to the household budget handle undreamed-of sums of money each week. Never before has the purchasing power of American Catholic women been so great; never have they been in so excellent a position to render financial aid to causes in which they believe.

Here, then, is a chance for all of us Catholic women to rally to the support of the Catholic Press, which is placed in the peculiar position of having to exist on slim rations in the midst of plenty. The reason for the lack of money is that Catholic publications have not raised their rates, despite the sharp increase in the cost of paper, ink and labor.

To meet these increased costs, Catholic magazines, newspapers and periodicals must have additional revenue in the form of increased subscriptions. But now, when they could reap a golden harvest, there are very few men to act as solicitors or agents.

There remain the Catholic women. We, above all people, should have the interests of the Catholic Press at heart. For years it has fought our battle—warring against anything that would harm our families and our hearthstones. Year in and year out, the Catholic Press has battled against the forces of evil with the mightiest of all weapons—the printed word. We women owe it a debt of gratitude.

Certainly we owe deep loyalty to the Catholic Church. As we all know, the Church has honored women from the earliest ages. It has placed woman-kind on a pedestal—raising her from the state of bondage in which she languished in the days before Christ. Because God honored Mary by asking her to be His Mother, the Church, through the centuries, has accorded women the utmost consideration and respect. The Catholic Church has elevated, revered and praised women as has no other organization in the entire world. Now, when one of the “arms of the Church” needs assistance, what would be more fitting than for us women to respond?

It seems to me that the most effective method for women to help the Catholic Press would be for all of us personally to send a subscription to our favorite Catholic periodical for our own family, and for any of our friends who, we believe, would like that particular publication. We could not spend our extra money in a better cause. But this is only the start of what we could do.

Suppose each one of us would resolve to get every Catholic family in our neighborhood to subscribe for some Catholic magazine or paper? Here is a simple way to go about it:

Make a list of all Catholics in our neighborhood, block or square. Then, very courteously, telephone them, stating that February is Catholic Press Month, and asking them if they would subscribe for a Catholic publication. (We could name our favorite magazine or paper.)

The reaction of the people would be interesting. We all know that folks are spending money today, “hand over fist.” The chances are that eight out of ten persons would respond to our appeal—either by sending in a subscription, or by suggesting that we stop by and pick up the subscription.

Here is where we could make our work one-hundred-per-cent effective. We would be supplied, in advance, with subscription blanks from our Catholic periodicals, together with sample copies of the publication and receipt-books. If we went about this work in earnest, we could get from six to a dozen subscriptions without going much beyond our own neighborhood. We would, of course, have to obtain permission from our Catholic publications.

Next, Catholic women who have a bit of leisure time could go to their pastor and tell him that they would be willing to undertake a canvass of a certain section of the parish for Catholic newspapers and magazines. In nine cases out of ten, the pastor would jump at the chance of getting women to

assist in this work—for there is not a priest in America who does not realize the importance of the Catholic Press.

This year, few men will be available as speakers before groups or organizations. Now, if we women are convinced of the merits of a cause, we can make excellent speeches—to which other women will listen with attention. Why couldn't we talk on the Catholic Press during February at programs sponsored by Catholic organizations? Members of the Knights of Columbus, the Catholic Order of Foresters and the Holy Name men would more than welcome a few words from an enthusiastic woman speaker on a subject as praiseworthy as the support of the Catholic Press. And it would be a novel departure from their ordinary programs. Incidentally, if the lady is zealous in action as well as speech, she can secure many subscriptions for Catholic periodicals at the conclusion of her talk.

If soliciting or speech-making does not appeal to some of the women, there still remains a very patriotic and practical method of supporting the Catholic Press. Of late, there has been a definite vogue for gift-giving in the form of War Bonds. February presents affluent Catholic women with the opportunity to purchase additional war bonds and help their country—by making a present of these bonds to their Catholic publications and thus helping their Church. If 10,000 Catholic women were each to present a twenty-five-dollar war bond to one of the various Catholic publications, a splendid reserve fund would be built up for use during those lean years which we all know are ahead.

And, while on the subject of war bonds, a handsome gesture for women who have more money to spend now than they have had in many years, would be to enclose with their subscriptions a number of stamps. Three or four war stamps from each subscriber would make an excellent total which could be turned into war bonds by the Catholic publication. Even small boys and girls could help the Catholic Press in this manner—if we mothers would encourage them to do so.

Lastly, all of us Catholic women here in America could pledge ourselves to say the good word about the Catholic Press. Fine as has been the work of Catholic magazines and newspapers during the past decade, praise has been scant. While we women will discuss, at great length, an article in a national magazine or paper, we remain conspicuously silent about things that please us in the Catholic Press. Why not resolve, during 1944, to give praise where it is due—to the valiant Catholic Press which year after year fights the battle of the church, the home, the family?

We Catholic women can do much for the Catholic Press if we will expend just a little effort. Our support will mean that our Catholic publications will be enabled to carry on their important work despite soaring costs. Then, too, we will be helping to build up greater circulation lists—which means greater influence for good, all over the nation.

Verily, it seems to me that it is up to us Catholic women to see that Press Month, in 1944, is a rousing success.

AMERICAN WAR CHAPLAINS FIND SCOPE FOR APOSTOLIC SPIRIT

STEPHEN B. EARLEY

(Continued from last week.)

THE transport was in the harbor, and the job of loading had already begun. The Chaplain looked at the list of things he must get before sailing time—books, rosary beads, altar breads, a piano. A piano! He spent the entire day going from store to store. No piano. He was determined that his outfit must have one, so after supper he started ringing bells in the residential section. "Does Madam have a piano she might be willing to give an outfit going overseas?"

Finally a firefly of hope glimmered in the night. Behind one of the doorbells, the Chaplain found a lady who indeed had a piano. She didn't really need it . . . and she supposed she might donate it . . . but The Chaplain waited for no more. He rushed out to the sidewalk and whistled—three short blasts, one long. Immediately an immense Navy cargo truck pulled up, and before the lady could say "boogie-woogie" the piano was on its way overseas.

It was a funny feeling to sail out under the Golden Gate bridge, to say goodbye to folks, security, civilization; to sail into who-knew-what. But the Chaplain had to forget his own feelings: his job was to receive the stories of dangers and trials and heartaches—and to give out lemon-drops. Somebody once decided that lemon-drops averted seasickness; and there were tons of lemon-drops among the ship's stores.

After a week of dangerous sailing, the servicemen who had been split into insular factions became one big American fighting group. Back in the States, some of the men insisted on calling the Chaplain, "Mister." Now, with a sort of tender glow on their faces, they salute him as "Father Jim." In the quiet of the night they slip into his room—some of them stay till the night-black sea turns to morning blue.

There came the day of crossing the Equator, when the Chaplain was initiated into the realm of King Neptune. The Padre must stand on his own feet, ask no quarter for his rank—servicemen want men-Chaplains. Before Neptune's court, seated in solemn conclave, the Chaplain was accused of being a leader of revolt, of using language not even befitting a shellback. Momentarily the Court turned their back to debate punishment for such unheard-of crimes to Davy Jones. It was just long enough. With a leap, the culprit shoved three of them into Davy Jones' pool, and in a mad scramble got the hose of briny water and leveled it over the entire party. He was finally overcome, and condemned to paint his back with varnish, to shave off his

curly locks. It was a week before the varnish stopped peeling.

Father Jim was morale officer and entertainment officer—and every night his piano and orchestra entertained the ship's company. Every night an improvised show, from smart comedy teams to a Tennessee fiddler. Every morning he became news commentator, relaying the news received by wire the night before.

And every morning down in Hold 5 [he wrote], with the rays of the sun peeping through the hatch, the Divine Sacrifice of the Mass was quietly and tenderly celebrated. All about me, kneeling on their life-jackets, with the hearts of angels, were my crew of full-blooded American sailors. They pitched into their job—their motto: work hard, play hard, pray hard. I'm sure that if we were sunk that trip, Saint Peter would have had his hands full of mates determined to storm the beachhead of Heaven. And they would have captured the heart of God Himself.

Finally we landed. Where I am, our priests are terribly overworked. I'm the only priest for miles and miles, and have two or three Masses a day for different units. And there are always Confessions. The native villages require our priestly services too. Last Sunday I had a beautiful spiritual thrill. I offered Mass back in the jungle, right in the center of a native village. The chief, by name Josepho Pilo de Kokumbono, wrote out the material for confession in his native tongue, and I heard their confessions. They are a wonderful set of God-fearing people. During the Mass they sang *Mother dearest, Mother fairest* in their native tongue. And in good Latin they sang the *Pange Lingua* and *Tantum Ergo*.

That Chaplain's letter—and it is representative of hundreds of others—reminds you for all the world of the letters of the Jesuit Relations, the letters written home by Saints Isaac Jogues, John de Brébeuf and the other early American missionaries.

Actually, if there were a patron saint of Chaplains, he surely should be the great Saint John de Brébeuf. From the war camp of the Hurons Brébeuf once wrote a letter of advice for future Chaplains:

Don't take on any work unless you intend to finish it. Don't start paddling a canoe unless you intend to continue all day. Your fine French manners will only get you laughed at over here. You have to be an Indian. Bend your shoulders to the same burdens they bear and you'll be recognized as a great man—otherwise not. You will sleep on a skin, and many a night you'll never close your eyes with the vermin that swarm over you. You can expect to be killed at any moment; you are responsible for fair weather and foul . . . and if you don't bring rain when it is needed, you may get tomahawked.

At home you are surrounded by splendid examples of virtue; here everyone is astonished when you

speaking of God. Blasphemy and obscenity are common. You are often without Mass, and when you do succeed in saying it, your cabin is full of smoke or snow. But climbing over rocks and making your way through brush and swamps will be pleasant if you think of Calvary. There's no danger for your soul if you bring with you the love and fear of God; in fact, I find many helps to perfection. You have only the necessities of life, and that makes it easy to be united with God; you are obliged to pray, for you are facing death at any moment; and you have the Blessed Sacrament with you always. If you can say "Send me more, Lord" to your sufferings—you'll get consolations so great that you'll have to cry out, "Enough, O Lord, enough."

How small a world it is. That letter was written 300 years ago—and it could have been penned yesterday. There is a reason, of course. The same kind of people, the same breed of priests are in the war camps today.

It's a great life [one of today's Chaplains wrote from the South Pacific]. On one occasion I had over 100 men standing in the wind and rain all during Mass because we couldn't find any shelter; most of them went to Communion, too. At another time we dug an altar out of the side of a hill to get a little protection from the wind. Once the men heard Mass while we were standing up to our ankles in mud and water; and once I said Mass two feet off the ground, using the Mass kit as an altar for the chalice. But since we left the States we've always had Mass, and Novena devotions every Wednesday in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help. From now on we also hope to have Stations of the Cross every Friday, too.

Another of them wrote from Alaska:

On Sundays I have three Masses, at 9 and 11 A.M., and at 4:30 P.M. Confessions are heard before each Mass. On Friday I have Mass at my own chapel, and on the other days journey to the outposts. Some of these outposts are beyond the limitations even of the famed jeep. On one of them, we take the articles of the Mass kit from the grip, and put them into a pack which we carry on our back—this lessens the load, and also permits the freedom of both hands in climbing up and down the hills. Last evening we had our choir practice, and the men are working on a High Mass for Christmas at midnight. Inclement weather makes it necessary for the men at one of the Sunday Masses to slush through six inches of water in order to get to the altar and Holy Communion. I've said Mass in all conditions, amid swarming bugs, in rain and cold weather—as unbelievable as it may sound, my water cruet once froze and burst on the altar during Mass.

"The soldiers here," said another Chaplain, "are stevedores; that is, they work on the docks unloading freight, coal, cement, etc.; and believe me they put in a hard day's work. I know because I took my turn with them shoveling coal down in the holds of the ships to help me win them over to Church and the Sacraments." Bend your shoulders to the same burdens they bear, said Brébeuf. And today's Chaplains are doing it with a vengeance.

Giant though he was, Brébeuf had been a sickly youth; the activity of his missionary life changed all that. In the beginning it was not easy. "If you've been a great theologian in France," he wrote somewhat wryly, "you'll have to be a very humble scholar here and be taught by ignorant squaws, or by children . . . and you'll furnish them no end of amusement."

A fine degree in theology does not help Chaplains very much either. Both Army and Navy regard

Chaplains as Morale Officers, and frequently they are all the Morale Officers there are in an outfit. That means, to be truly successful, they should be composed of almost equal parts of Billy Rose, Dorothy Dix, Florence Nightingale, Gene Tunney, Sumner Welles and Saint Paul. It would help considerably if, at one time or other, the Chaplain had run a loan-office, a department-store, a missing-persons detective agency, a course in letter-writing, a library, a surveying office and, in many cases, a restaurant. Getting back to parish life is going to be a breeze.

Marie Hayden, in the December *Catholic Digest*, described quite vividly the day of a Navy Chaplain; and in the July 4 issue of *AMERICA*, Colonel William Cleary outlined the course given at Harvard to new Army Chaplains. Even Brébeuf, with all his strength, would find the Chaplains' day a bit tiring, but certainly never boring. Chaplain Clark, over in North Africa, never dreamed he would be contacting Martha Raye for a show, or hiring a whole stable of Arabian horses, or spending five days rounding up bicycles for the enlisted men to go sightseeing on, or plotting out and helping build a baseball diamond and a volley-ball court. Many a Chaplain in the days of his parish duties had pleaded with God for mercy for some unfortunate; he found it somewhat easier than bearding his C.O. for the same reason. Good solid city-dwellers now think nothing at all of a twenty-mile hike with a full pack, and an hour of Divine Office still to say.

Approximately ten per cent of the priests of the United States are now in the service. And yet the demand for Chaplains grows every day more insistent. The problem of supplying more Chaplains is not as easy as some people seem to think. By far the majority of parishes in the United States are understaffed, and the great number of colleges, missions, orphanages, detention homes all require priestly aid. But the demand for Chaplains must be met. No one realizes more than the Bishops and Religious Superiors that the men of the Army and Navy are the future leaders of America. And they are meeting the challenge; very close to 3,000 priests are now with the armed forces; a recent class at the Navy Chaplains' School was 66 per cent Catholic. Every day another group of priests pack a duffel bag, leave the security of a parish house, and embark on the great modern missionary work—a Chaplaincy in the armed forces.

The Indians killed Brébeuf. But in death he scored his greatest victory. They burned every inch of his body with flaming torches, baptized him with scalding water, tore off his scalp and rubbed ashes into his bare and bleeding skull; finally they split him open with an axe. But he never let out a yell. When he was dead they tore out his heart and consumed it, so that they might partake of his strength.

Priests still know how to suffer and how to die. Chaplain Aloysius Schmidt was one of the first to die in this war. The *Oklahoma* capsized at Pearl Harbor, trapping Father Schmidt and other members of the crew. He started out through a port-hole, got wedged, demanded that the rescuers push

him back. The water continued to rise, and he continued to push fellow sailors through to safety. A Saint once said if he knew death was coming, he would keep right on playing checkers. Chaplain Schmidt kept pushing men through, until the water filled the compartment and he died "out of sublime devotion to his fellow men."

Out on Makin, Chaplain Meany saw a young private fall to the road under a sniper's bullet. With no thought of personal safety, he rushed out to aid him. Just as he reached the soldier's body there was another sharp spit of a bullet which caught Chaplain Meany flush on the chest. It deflected off a scapular medal and shattered through his elbow. As he rolled into the dirt, another bullet from the sniper's gun tore through his shoulder. Painfully, he crawled to the partial protection of a bush, and lay there through the long afternoon. A young Lieutenant crawled over to help him. Again the spiteful crack of the sniper's gun, and his rescuer lay mortally wounded. Forgetful of his own hurt, the Padre calmly administered the Holy Oils from a watchcase he carried with him, gave the youngster absolution, and prayed over him until he died. Much later that night a rescue party crawled out to him, dragged him down the road to safety. Back in the States to recuperate, Chaplain Meany has only one desire: to get back to combat, to continue to bring Christ to his fighting 165th.

Then there was Chaplain Neil Doyle of Devon, Connecticut, Chaplain of the 169th Infantry. Did you ever see men cry? It is not a pretty sight. Men cried when they heard that the shrapnel burst he had received at Munda took Chaplain Doyle away from them. "Father Mac!" Chaplain Culliton called sadly to Chaplain John McGuire when the news arrived, "Father Mac! Neil is dead!" It seemed impossible. It seemed impossible that the six-foot, strong-featured Chaplain Doyle, with his brown hair and steady eye, with his great command of oratory and tremendous energy, could have been overcome by death. "Up and down the Munda Trail he journeyed," wrote Chaplain McGuire, "urging on the well, comforting the sick and wounded, anointing the dying, and burying the dead—without fear, hesitation or anxiety for his own safety." Major Sellers, the battalion commander remembered: "The last time I saw him alive was in a thicket just off the Munda Trail. A soldier was kneeling beside him. His right hand was raised in absolution." So the men remembered him, too.

In the Munda fight, he was everywhere. Bringing absolution and aid to the wounded, he walked hand-in-hand with death so often that he seemed almost immune to its threat. Finally, though, it struck, a shrapnel-burst that all but tore him open. The First-Aid men rushed up, but he would have none of them. "Take care of the others first," he said. "They need it more than I." Generally when a Chaplain falls there is no other priest around to help him. But three fellow New Englanders helped carry him through to Heaven: Chaplain John Mahoney saw his fall; Chaplain McGuire was with him at the Clearing Station; and Chaplain Culliton was with him when he died.

They gave him blood plasma, and brought him to the Ward tent. "Would you like the Last Sacraments, Neil?" Chaplain McGuire asked. "Indeed, I would," was his direct reply. Then he put out his hand. "Thanks for everything, Mac," he said, "if I have ever said or done anything to offend you, I want you to forgive me." Chaplain McGuire gripped his hand, but could not manage to say anything. Later he walked aboard the ship and gave the dying man his blessing. Chaplain Doyle looked up smiling and raised his hand to his forehead in farewell salute.

Even on the ship, he was first a priest. He propped himself up on an elbow to offer words of encouragement and comfort to those men near him, to hear confessions, to impart his last blessing to him men. Chaplain Culliton was waiting for him in the operating-room at the base hospital. He stood by praying, as Neil Doyle, priest and soldier of Jesus Christ, breathed his last. Chaplain Brébeuf was waiting for him at the doors of Heaven.

So far in the war twenty-three Catholic priests have given their lives, twenty-one are prisoners of war, about ten have been incapacitated from wounds—wounds such as that of Chaplain Hoffman whose foot was injured so badly that amputation was necessary. No matter what the sacrifice, the Chaplains are meeting it with Brébeuf bravery.

Saint John de Brébeuf was cited by the French Government; modern Chaplains have won citations too. Chaplain Albert Steffens has been decorated four times. Perhaps the citation of Chaplain Gehring of Guadalcanal fame is most noteworthy, for it is really a citation of all the Chaplains in the services:

Voluntarily making three hazardous expeditions through enemy-occupied territory, Chaplain Gehring, aided by native scouts, evacuated missionaries trapped on the island. In addition to his routine duties, he frequently visited the front lines and was a constant source of encouragement to the Marine and Army units under continual attack by the enemy. Brave under fire, cheerful in the face of discouragement and tireless in his devotion to duty, Chaplain Gehring lifted the morale of our men to an exceptional degree. By his fine leadership and great courage, he inspired all with whom he came in contact.

The curates from Saint Joseph's Church, the high-school teachers from Loyola, the Friars from hidden monasteries, are doing a job worthy of the highest traditions of the American priesthood. One of the thrilling parts of it is the spiritual humility with which they tackle their jobs. "Don't forget to say a prayer for the priests of the army," one of them wrote. "We need to be good and we need to stay good. That can only be done by the grace of God. Please get civilians back home to pray for the priests of the army."

Civilian cooperation! Without it the work of the Chaplains is almost in vain. Without it Catholicism in the service is a meaningless and mocking phrase.

(To be continued)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Our readers will remember that Chaplain Meany was Business Manager of AMERICA before he volunteered.]

INCOME TAXES AND TITHES IN OUR NATIONAL REVENUE LAWS

JOHN J. CRACRAFT

NOW that the annual task of filing an income-tax return is again upon us, most of us are quite tax conscious and, being human, wish to take full advantage of the deductions allowed by Congress during the coming year.

Undoubtedly additional taxes will be assessed, and changes will be made in Form 1040. But it can be reasonably expected that the deduction allowed for contributions will remain the same as it has been for the past several years.

The law provides that a deduction for contributions can be taken up to fifteen per cent of the taxpayer's net income computed without regard for this deduction. This means that if your net income is \$2,500—computed without taking either medical expense or contributions—then your deduction for contributions cannot exceed fifteen per cent of that figure, or \$375.

The term "contributions" has been interpreted to mean those gifts made to a religious, charitable, educational, scientific or governmental organization. That immediately eliminates any money, food or clothing that might be given to a needy individual. However beneficial it is to the soul, it is not an act which will lower your income tax. Nor do gifts made to relatives fall into this classification, much to many a taxpayer's disgust.

The deduction is further limited by eliminating offerings for Masses, Baptisms, marriages and the like, as well as dues to organizations such as the Knights of Columbus. And, if the spirit moves you to give fifty dollars to Sister Mary Margaret so that she may go home and visit her aged mother, while the spirit is noble and undoubtedly will add to the luster of your heavenly crown, it will not be allowed by the hard-boiled auditors of the Internal Revenue department.

At this point you may say to yourself: "This is a fine how do you do." Congress says we can deduct for contributions, and the Bureau of Internal Revenue interprets the law so that the deduction exists only on paper. In order to allay such unworthy thoughts, it should be noted that pew-rent has been accepted as a deduction within the meaning of the law, and of course the nickel or dime the average Catholic drops into the collection plate on Sunday. But the quarter paid for a chance on a quilt raffled at the church bazaar, or the dime offered for a votive candle, will cause unnecessary trouble if taken as a deduction.

Although we have eliminated some of the more

obvious items that are not allowable as a deduction on your income tax, the field for those allowed is still very broad. Aside from the Sunday offering, a gift to a Catholic college is within the meaning of the law. Perhaps Johnny or Mary is attending Saint Francis College, and papa receives a letter from the President informing him that the College is in need of money for the library and a donation from him would be deeply appreciated. In an expansive moment he writes a check for one hundred dollars and sends it in. He has done a deed beneficial both to his soul and income tax, and the fact that the good fathers will offer up fifty Masses for the benefactors of the college is irrelevant.

Again, the parish church may be in need of gold candlesticks, a tabernacle or vestments for the priest. A deduction for the amount paid for these items and similar ones will pass the eagle eyes of the auditors. There are other items where more than one person makes an offering—such as a stained-glass window or a set of Stations. This type of gift is acceptable both to God and Caesar.

But don't make the mistake of including all the money you have spent buying tickets to plays produced by the parochial school or chances on war bonds sold by the Altar Society. While undoubtedly your purchase was motivated by the highest charitable considerations, the act does not fall within the meaning of the law and hence is not allowable as a deduction.

Although dues to the Knights of Columbus and similar societies are not allowable under the law, a gift to the organization for a worthy cause might be. For example your local council of the K. of C. might be raising funds to furnish a center for servicemen. You contribute ten dollars. This will be allowed.

There is a general rule underlying all this which can serve as a general test for the validity of a contribution. If the gift is made to one of the five classes of organization, as stated previously, and does not accrue to the benefit of the taxpayer, it is likely to be allowable as a deduction on your income tax.

In the past I have made out income-tax returns for taxpayers of all faiths, with incomes of all sizes. On the whole, Catholics have been the most consistent in their donations to the church, probably because they are more regular in church attendance. Most Catholics of average income, from \$1,500 to \$3,000 gross per year, contribute from

twenty-five to fifty dollars annually to their church.

An individual with an income of twenty-five hundred dollars for the year, who contributes fifty dollars to his church, is giving two per cent of his income, a far cry from the fifteen-per-cent limitation. And it is considerably under the amount he is rendering to Caesar, for his income tax would run roughly two to four times that amount.

While Catholics as a group may be in the vanguard of contributors to a church, there is one group that puts them to shame. They are the "tithers," a phenomena rarely seen in the Church. To the uninitiated these persons are individuals, usually belonging to churches called Gospel missions or Gospel tabernacles, who give at least ten per cent of their income to their church. I have met only one Catholic who could qualify as a "tither" and, from her name, she must have been a convert who brought along a tithing conscience.

The real phenomena in this is that Catholics, who are the true custodians of the Christian religion, have gone so far from their religious origins that the majority have never heard of tithing and feel very satisfied if they have given one or two per cent to the church.

As the income-tax law stands, those taxpayers who use Form 1040, calling for itemized deductions, will find that, as they increase their contributions, their income tax decreases. And the percentage of the decrease in tax bears a relationship to the increase in contributions.

For example—a married man with two children under eighteen has a gross income of \$2,500. He owns his own home, paying real-estate taxes on it and interest on the mortgage. To simplify the computation, we will assume his tax deduction for the year is one hundred dollars, as are his interest payments. These are his only allowable deductions, other than his contribution to the church of fifty dollars. His income and victory tax for 1943 is \$105.53.

Now suppose this individual, during the year 1944, increases his church donation to \$250—in other words, makes it ten per cent of his income. Using the same tax rates and other figures, his tax would be \$72.03, or less than the previous year's by \$33.50. This means that, although he gave an additional two hundred dollars to the church, in actual dollars the cost to him was not two hundred dollars but one hundred and sixty-seven dollars and fifty cents. For the other \$33.50 was contributed by the Government in the form of a lower income tax, about seventeen per cent.

The percentage by which an individual's tax decreases gets larger in proportion to his increase in donations as we get into the higher income levels. And this is the group that can more easily afford to return more of its income to God. Take the case of that rather rare person who had a salary of \$10,000 in 1943 and expects to repeat in 1944. For our purposes we will again assume that he is married and has two children under eighteen. His deductions, other than contributions, amount to \$1,000 and he gave two per cent to church and

charity, amounting to \$200. His income and victory tax for 1943 was \$1,838.48.

During the year 1944 he becomes a "tither" and increases his contributions to \$1,000. Using the same rates and other figures, his tax would be \$1,598.48, or \$240 less than in 1943. Therefore, by increasing his gifts to church and charity by \$800, he reduces his tax liability by \$240. In percentage terms, exactly thirty per cent of his increase in donations is made by the Government as far as actual dollar cost to him is concerned, for his cash outlay is \$560 rather than \$800.

For any case where an individual pays an income tax—and today one might ask, who doesn't—it can be shown that for every dollar given to the church, at least ten to thirty cents is provided by the Government in the form of lower income taxes.

While in the above examples we have used the 1943 tax rates in arriving at the 1944 tax, it is safe to assume that the rates for 1944 as provided in the 1944 Revenue Act will not be lower and, if the rates are increased as proposed by the Treasury, then of course any increase in contributions will reduce the tax by that much more, and the percentage of tax reduction will be even greater.

A contribution to be deductible need not be made in money. An individual may own some securities, stocks or bonds, corporate or governmental, having a transferable title. Rather than convert them into cash in order to make a donation to the church, he decides to transfer ownership to the religious organization. The basis for establishing the value of the contribution is the fair market value of the goods at the time of the transfer. And this is not limited to securities. It might be anything on which a value could be set, such as an article for furnishing the church, or materials for a building or even food for a church supper.

It often happens, especially in rural areas, that parishioners offer their services to the church. In a church I belonged to one time, the men refinished the floor and rearranged the pews. There is no question that a contribution was made, but it is very difficult to place a value on the offering, and it is best for a taxpayer to go slow in making a deduction for this type of donation. Unless the monetary value is great, it would be best to forget about it. However, where it might be substantial, a ruling could be had from the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue.

In any case where there is a question concerning the deductibility of a contribution, its allowance can be determined by either writing or calling the nearest Collector's office.

One last note of caution should be remembered. In all cases where deductions are taken on an income-tax return, it is up to the taxpayer to prove his figures if required. So if a Catholic decides to become a "tither," he wants to be certain that he has a statement from the organization to which he made his donation regarding the amount of the offering. Otherwise he may find to his dismay that a year later, when his income-tax return is audited, the deduction will be disallowed and additional tax assessed plus interest.

CATHOLIC INFLUENCE

LENT is still in the offing, but a correspondent (anonymous) writes in with the doubt whether we shall have the courage to publish his explosion. He would like the Church herself to do penance for her share in the sins of society, and predicts that his remarks on wealth and luxury will arouse the *ira et rabies ecclesiastica*.

No challenge is necessary, and we can assure this pocket Savanarola that the old Church and her prelates have never put brakes on such denunciations. We have difficulty, indeed, in unearthing a sufficiently large percentage of affluent clergy, high or low, to give much point to a penitential movement on the score of wealth. It is possible, however, that a penitential self-examination on another point may be distinctly in order, and will be equally satisfactory to our angry correspondent, if he is really seeking the Kingdom of God.

Why, let us ask ourselves, does not the Church in the United States exert more influence, proportionate to its numbers, upon the thought of our non-Catholic contemporaries? There are many answers to that question. Certainly the Church's wealth is not one of them, in comparison with the immense resources possessed by the great non-Catholic or secular philanthropic and educational foundations, not to speak of municipal, State and Federal agencies that influence thought in one way or another. The Church's reputation is universal and unassailable as (in a material sense) the creation of the poor; as the friend of the poor, as the selfless and devoted Good Samaritan binding up the wounds of every type of suffering humanity, of all classes, ages, races and conditions of life.

Apart from all other considerations, two reasons appear outstanding for this lack of influence on contemporary thought, and they have both been frequently and trenchantly dwelt upon by the Roman Pontiffs in recent times. One is the lack of a thoroughly trained and responsible lay leadership by which the Church's teachings can be brought home—by direct contact and daily example—into every phase of public as well as private life.

Closely allied to our lack of lay initiative is our lack of program initiative. We are strong on the defense against current errors, but grievously weak as yet on the development and concrete application of practical solutions to those modern problems which are the breeding-ground of those errors. This is particularly evident in the case of the family. We show up the iniquity of birth control, but are indescribably timid and backward in propounding our own Catholic doctrine of the family—in itself, in society, in regard to population and human rights.

"Planned-parenthood" movements flourish in default of Christian-parenthood movements. With the power and resources of all ages of truly human living at our command, we hang back and anxiously speculate about anti-Catholic conspiracies. The pocket Savanarolas may prove to be just what we need, to remind us of our own resources.

EDITOR

CANDLES IN THE STORM

SYMBOLISM, with all its mystery and loveliness, clusters beautifully about the Feast of Our Lady's Purification. Simeon and Anna, aged and types of the old and aged world gladdened by the Child; the doves by which the Son of God, offered to God as the first-born, was bought back; the spotless Virgin humbly bowing to a law from which she was eternally exempt—all these and every other element of the day's liturgy are freighted with the many-faceted wonder of God's diligent loving-kindness, never more appealing and apparent than when we celebrate a Feast of His Mother.

But of all the aspects of the lovely day, none is warmer or more calculated to make us feel at home with them than the liturgy of the blessing of the candles. The very sound of the name—Candlemas Day—speaks lowly of that winning medieval intimacy which sees God and His Son as close to our lives and hopes and joys as the candle that glows on our table or flickers at our bedside.

But the true Light of Candlemas Day which is but typified by the lit taper is more than a quiet, homey candle-glow. Christ is so gentle and unobtrusive a guest; but His light is more—it is a beacon, a rocket-flare, the white, searing and blinding light that dulls our eyes but to unveil them to the truth.

If ever the confused old world needed that revealing light, it does today. Certainly we are now in what the liturgy for the day calls *caliginosa discrimina*, "murky dangers." If the Light that is Christ be not hidden under the bushel of devious politics, of cant and self-deception, individual and national; if it be rather the crowning glory of sincere, God-fearing, humble and prayerful effort to build a new world, then, under Him, there is a new world a-building.

When you hold the candle in your hand this Candlemas day during the reading of His Good Tidings, pray deeply and trustingly through His Mother that His light may illumine the minds and souls of all His children, from the presidents and premiers who have the crushing burden of charting the course, down to the humblest soldier or worker. Pray that the course they chart and the course we follow may be God's, not our, blueprint, clear before our eyes under His light.

INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENTS

EVER since the war began, it has been fashionable in some quarters to compare the respective lots of soldiers and war workers, much to the disadvantage of the war workers. The hardships of army life, the low pay, long hours, dangers to life and limb, all this is contrasted with the good wages in war plants and the comforts and security of home life.

Admittedly, there is little comparison between wages and hours in industry and in the army. Our soldiers, though the highest paid in the world, receive a good deal less than the average mechanic, and their hours are determined solely by the exigencies of war. But, surprisingly enough, on the score of danger to life and limb, the industrial worker need offer small apology to the serviceman. According to figures compiled by the Office of War Information, industrial casualties since Pearl Harbor actually outnumber casualties in battle. Since the attack on Pearl Harbor, no less than 37,600 workers have died as a result of industrial accidents, about 7,000 more lives than have been lost in all military and naval operations. Similarly, 210,000 workers have been permanently disabled and 4,500,000 temporarily disabled during the same period, or sixty times the number of military wounded and missing.

This comparison can, of course, be pushed too far. On the face of it, the evidence would tend to prove that the average industrial worker incurs a greater risk to life and limb than does the soldier, that the factory is a more dangerous place than the battlefield. Yet, however dangerous the figures show factories to be, the normal citizen, solicitous for his life and health, still prefers the risks of industry to the hazards of war.

Perhaps the point in all this is that most comparisons between civilians and soldiers are inept to begin with. The two groups live totally different lives and, while it can be said that in general soldiers are asked to make greater sacrifices in time of war than are civilians, the analogy cannot in justice be pushed much farther. All classes of Americans ought rather to seek inspiration for their civilian tasks by meditating on the hardships to which servicemen are exposed. There the comparison ought to stop.

SOLDIERS' VOTE BILL

IF the question were put in so many words, ought servicemen who are fighting and dying for their country, or are preparing to fight and die, be permitted to vote in the coming Presidential election, there would not be a single Congressman on Capitol Hill who would say no. Why, then, the exasperating inability of the Congress up to date to pass a workable soldiers' vote bill?

Theoretically, the answer to that question is very simple. The best practical way to give the men and women in the Armed Services an honest chance to vote—namely, through a Federal ballot, distributed and collected by the Army and Navy, and administered by a Federal non-partisan committee—seems to violate the electoral prerogatives of the States. This was the ostensible reason why the Senate, before recessing for the Christmas holiday, voted down the Administration-supported Green-Lucas Federal vote bill.

On the other hand, if the States retain their traditional control of the election machinery, even if necessary changes are made in State laws, the vast majority of servicemen will be denied a chance to vote. To that effect both the Secretaries of War and Navy have authoritatively testified. If further confirmation is needed, the fact that only 26,000 servicemen voted in the State-supervised 1942 elections should be conclusive.

The latest development in Washington is an attempt to wriggle out of this dilemma. A compromise bill, reported out of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, gives to all servicemen the right to vote for President, Vice President and members of Congress, but reserves to State officials authority to decide, within limits, which ballots can be counted. The limits are the clauses in the 1942 soldiers' vote bill stipulating that State requirements for personal registration and payment of poll taxes be waived.

But even this compromise, which guarantees the substantial of States' Rights and makes of the Federal Government little more than a messenger boy, is being subjected to criticism and will probably be amended before it can be passed. Amended, in this case, means emasculated.

This is an intolerable situation. While for some of the legislators the Constitutional issue is a sincere obstacle to a real Federal vote bill, in too many cases the effect of the soldiers' vote on the 1944 elections and the perpetuation of "white supremacy" in the South are the paramount considerations.

By next November there will be 9,000,000 men and women of voting age in the Armed Services. The all-important consideration is to find a practical way to give them a chance to vote. At the present time there is only one way in which this can be done, and that is to pass the Green-Lucas compromise bill. Only one amendment is necessary—a clause to sanction waiving personal registration and payment of poll taxes as a condition for voting.

FEDERATED EUROPE

ALL peace planning begins with a plan for Europe. In the mechanism of world peace, Europe is the mainspring. Just as the world is a Europeanized world, so it is true that most great wars in recent times started in Europe. Hence, for a balanced movement in world affairs, the center must live in perfect balance. And it goes without saying that the recent past teaches plainly the need of a better European balance than was heretofore enjoyed.

This imperative fact took up the entire interest of a stimulating meeting in Washington on the fourth Sunday of January. A special conference was arranged on postwar Europe, as one section of a general gathering of scholars in the Social Sciences. The plan proposed for discussion was what is variously designated as The United States of Europe, The European Federation or, more specifically, "Pan Europe," the system designated under the inspiring leadership of Count Richard Coudenhove-Kalergi.

Among the fifteen discussants at the conference were a number of representative Europeans now living in this country and intensely engaged in planning for the rebirth of peaceful life after the war. Thus Poland, Yugoslavia, Greece and almost every continental nation were bespoken by men prominent in past or present governments. Experts in political science from our own universities furnished a background of information or criticism.

As primary principles, the conference agreed on these points. a) European sovereignties must be respected. b) A return to the pre-1939 international system of Europe is impossible, and undesirable—because the war has taught the absolute need of union in the face of internal or external threat. c) Whatever union is effected must have the blessing of the three great victorious Allied powers. d) Therefore the union—association, federation, league or whatever it be called—must offer both Britain and Russia sure guarantees of non-aggression plus positive neighborly cooperation.

The federation scheme—using Switzerland as a model, because of its three divergent cultural groups and their differences in language, religion and economy—proposed a government for a united Europe that would preserve sovereignty and yet add the benefits of union. A common army, currency, postal service and federal court system (over and above the national courts) would bring the protection and the benefits.

Several conferees felt that a federation of this kind could result only from revolution. In rebuttal our own experience of 1787 was cited as proof that States at peace with each other, though harassed by internal and external threat, could agree to submerge their oppositions and accept a strong union as the guarantee of their separate rights. And as Europe has learned what are its dangers while an atomized society continues, and as the sure fact of mighty postwar power in Britain, Russia and the United States reiterates that danger, the consensus held that federation was imperative.

Russia, of course, looms as a present obstacle,

because of her treaty made in Moscow with Czechoslovakia, her plain cultivation of Yugoslav Partisans, and the impending drive to add Austria to the same category. This diplomatic *démarche* offers a nutcracker opportunity to imperil the rest of central Europe in case the move should prove desirable. Hence it was stated as immediately necessary to win over the previously distrustful Soviet regime to an understanding of the value of a non-aggressive and prosperous regional group on her western borders.

Britain presents a similar problem to the success of the plan. Would Britain approve any organization in middle and western Europe that might upset the balance of power on which she relies for her safety? The scholars thought the government of Mr. Churchill might be won over to a recognition of the stabilizing character implicit in such a federation. For, of all polities, the federal is the least imperialistic, as it is the most supple in resistance to attack.

With the British Empire and Soviet Russia outside the Federation—neither is strictly European—Germany, potent and aggressive, looms as the one dangerous member of the union. However, "Pan Europe" has the Swiss type of federal army and executive, with rotating, annually elected leadership. Its federal Supreme Court, supporting an international Bill of Rights and in turn supported by an alert military force, could readily prevent Germany or any other power from upsetting the balance.

The chief concern of the meeting was the lack of understanding of the problem here in America. Replying to a question, Senator Burton of Ohio denied that our people were isolationist; but he pleaded for an education of the normal citizen in the needs of European nations and the sound possibilities for peace in a federated Europe. Too few Americans realize where are the danger spots in Europe—the migratory character of European Labor and the stresses attaching thereto; the intense nationalism that must everywhere be heeded by politicians if they would continue to represent their constituents; the distrusts bred of centuries of suffering in the smaller and less defensible groups.

It is quite possible for those living far off from the tangled European skein to shut their eyes to this knotty problem as something impossible of solution. Such is ever the way with those who do not ordinarily think in terms broader than their domestic situation. Today, however, the presence of our own soldiers in this arena, their sacrifices made to put a stop to constant war—and we know these war threats better than ever before—and the plaintive cries of distraught Europe, all incline us to serious study of a sensible plan for sound European organization.

Organization does not come of itself. Nor will the federation of Europe be formed without intense effort among its own leadership, and solid support from those who clearly have the "ten talents," the strength and the will to help bring peace to the world.

W. E. S.

LITERATURE AND ART

SONG OF BERNADETTE

MARTIN QUIGLEY

[Before the evaluations of the motion-picture version of Franz Werfel's classic begin, before its claim to be Hollywood's greatest picture is scrutinized, it seems good to have one who is intimately connected with the industry tell us what Hollywood thinks of the picture. Mr. Quigley's long and Catholic influence on the films gives added authority to his tribute to the sincerity and integrity with which Hollywood—not always, alas, on the side of the Angels—has approached this treatment of the supernatural. We applaud and echo prayerfully the wish of Mr. George Sokolsky, writing in the New York Sun, that this film "could be shown to our troops and to those of our allies and enemies."—Literary Editor.]

THE motion-picture presentation of Franz Werfel's novel, *The Song of Bernadette*, displays an introductory legend which says: "For those who believe in God, no explanation is necessary; for those who do not believe in God, no explanation is possible." This sentence, incidentally, is a quotation from the Rev. John LaFarge, S.J., Executive Editor of AMERICA.

The producer with these words proclaims at the outset a most important fact: that the telling of the screen story has been subjected to no shadings or embellishments in order to accommodate conventional notions as to what should be the subject matter and treatment of cinema entertainment. The deliberately conceived purpose is to render in the screen medium the story Franz Werfel told—the story he came to know when, in flight from the Nazi tyrant, he found asylum for a while in the village of Lourdes. As readers of the novel will remember, the author explains the genesis of his story in these words: "One day, in my great distress, I made a vow. I vowed that if I escaped from the desperate situation and reached the saving shore, I would put off all other tasks and sing, as best I could, the Song of Bernadette."

It is this same story, and even this same spirit of its telling, that we find in the motion picture. It may well be said that the motion picture is in fact the Franz Werfel novel faithfully translated to the screen, yet impressively enriched by those special attributes and narrative qualities which the new medium, under skillful direction, can apply. A viewing of the picture has been described as an unforgettable experience. This description of it will echo

in the hearts and minds of millions of people the world over.

The Song of Bernadette is a milestone in what to many must have seemed a slow and wearisome ascent of the motion picture from its humble and circumscribed beginnings. It presents the screen in what is probably its most genuine and convincing approach to a true art form. A prominent New York newspaper commentator in a recent published article said: "I do not exaggerate, nor can one exaggerate, the achievement of *The Song of Bernadette*." A Catholic Bishop referred to it as "a flawless production that will exert a tremendous influence for good."

The picture most impressively tells the story of the appearances of Our Lady to the simple peasant girl and of the extraordinary events that were visited upon the people and the town of Lourdes. A remarkable effect of the picture is the freshness and spontaneity with which it vivifies this familiar record in ecclesiastical and secular history. In an undertaking of this importance it was to be expected that, in view of the demonstrated material skills and considerable experience of Hollywood, the mounting would be faithful and exact in character and in detail. All this has been done. For its enactment a group of especially qualified players was assembled, headed in the role of Bernadette Soubirous by a newcomer to the screen in the person of Jennifer Jones.

The performance of the role of Bernadette obviously imposed, for various reasons, many exceedingly heavy demands upon the performer. The casting of this role had been a distracting problem to the producer until the appearance of Jennifer Jones. At that moment the problem vanished because at once she was seen to possess in a remarkable degree the particular attributes required for the role. Dramatic criticism commonly is sprinkled with cliché references to "inspired performances." To refer to Jennifer Jones' effort in *Bernadette* as an inspired performance seems, however, to be a simple statement of visible fact.

In a galaxy of other notable performances are those contributed by Charles Bickford as Father Peyramale, the dean of Lourdes; Vincent Price as Vital Dutour, to whom was made the telling remark that those who came to Lourdes, and who did not believe, at least left "wondering"; Lee J. Cobb as Dr. Dozous; Gladys Cooper as Sister Marie Theresa Vauzous; Anna Revere as Louise Soubirous; Roman Bohnen as François Soubirous; Blanche Yurka as Bernarde Casteret and Charles Waldron as the Bishop of Tarbes.

The scenario of *The Song of Bernadette* is the work of George Seaton, a young Catholic writer in Hollywood. He for some years has been doing

meritorious work, but never previously had been assigned to a production project of like caliber. It is a current axiom of picture production that while the writing of the script is but the first main step in the making of motion pictures, it also proves a factor which vitally influences every succeeding step.

Joseph M. Schenck, production head of the Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation, the producing company, who has had a vast and varied experience in theatrical entertainment, more than a year ago pronounced the script of *Bernadette* as the best he had ever read. Incidentally, it was mainly due to the interest and enthusiasm of Mr. Schenck that the Franz Werfel story came to be made into a motion picture. As the chief company authority in Hollywood, he was able not only to influence the decision to produce the story but also to determine the scope and treatment which would be employed. A significant indication with respect to the company's intentions for this production is the fact that it was budgeted as one of the costliest ever made.

Other executive acknowledgments which belong in the record go to William Goetz, who was in charge of production at the studio while the picture was being made, and to William Perlberg, who was the producer immediately in charge of the undertaking. Mr. Perlberg deserves decided credit because the preparation of this subject and its execution, step by step, required keen understanding, sound judgment and a fine sense of the spiritual values that motivate the story.

The direction of the picture was entrusted to Henry King, who has been in motion pictures through most of their years and evolution. He has directed a long array of outstanding films, including that notable success of several years ago, *The White Sister*. Mr. King is known as a director of keen intelligence and broad understanding. His work on *The Song of Bernadette* adds a bright new adornment to the record. A considerable part of Jennifer Jones' inspired performance must be attributed to Mr. King's directorial skill.

A particularly notable feature of the production is the musical accompaniment by Alfred Newman which most effectually establishes and sustains the mood of the story.

This motion picture was of course entered upon by the producing company as a commercial undertaking with the primary intent of supplying a popular attraction to the theatres of the world. The result, also, is to bring to the screen what Catholic people everywhere will hail as a great Catholic picture. Yet while it is being so hailed by the Catholic people it will receive, from all present indications, an equally appreciative reception from others. While there is inevitably an especial Catholic interest in the subject, it has already been discovered that even those who profess no religious affiliation or practice are profoundly moved. The newspaper commentator above quoted wrote of a private exhibition he attended: "When it was over, not an eye was without a tear."

Perhaps at no other time since the motion pic-

ture reached its present status of maturity—relative though that maturity at times may seem to be—is it likely that the production, in the manner in which it has been produced, would have been undertaken. Obviously, a factor in influencing the decision to make *The Song of Bernadette* was the best-seller success which the novel attained. But other best sellers have been passed over because of "un-movie like" substance. Yet by that test few have been so apparently far afield as *The Song of Bernadette*.

Here is the story of a miraculous succession of events against a background of religious experience and spiritual exaltation. It is true that, after the appearances of Our Lady to the simple peasant girl, there was a series of events of high dramatic character. But obviously the story is one of religious faith and spiritual values or else it is just a light, fantastic tale without character or substance that would recommend it for serious attention. In point of fact, the story was selected precisely because of its religious and spiritual character, because of the opinion that now more than at any previous time in the history of motion pictures the public is not only receptive to but anxiously awaiting what in the business are labelled "faith stories." The reasoning is that in the stress of wartime conditions, among the many social dislocations incident to national service and with the grief and heartache which are inevitable fruits of travail, the vast public which constitutes the theatres' audiences is reaching for the dependable solace of spiritual things.

While, therefore, it is not to be concluded that this great Catholic picture is the result of any such specific design, there nevertheless remains the very agreeable and heartening fact that the motion-picture screen this year flowers with just that—a great Catholic picture, a picture which more exactly than any other fulfils the prescription of our late Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, who in his encyclical on motion pictures issued in 1936, made this statement:

Good pictures are capable of exercising a profoundly moral influence upon those who see them. In addition to affording recreation, they are able to arouse noble ideals of life, to communicate valuable concepts, to impart better knowledge of history . . . to present truth and virtue under attractive forms . . .

It will readily be realized that to one who has for more than twenty-eight years been closely associated with the American motion picture and lived with it in its successes and in its failures—in its days of praise and its days of blame—the arrival of such a subject as *The Song of Bernadette* affords deep satisfaction—yes, even delight, especially in view of the realization that through the magical qualities of this unequaled medium of expression the beautiful story of the visitation of Our Lady to the village of Lourdes will be made better known and better understood—and in many instances for the first time—to millions of people throughout the civilized world. And with this greater knowledge and understanding there must inevitably come greater love and devotion.

ARMOR THE BUD

Shy as the April weather,
I have unfolded this petal and this—
Slowly, gently, halting my breath,
Sheathing my touch, halting my eagerness
To see the bud closed tight around his manhood.
Here I have tugged a little at the leaf, trembling;
Blunted the thorn, fear in my hands
That I might break his guard—
Brittle his steel. His arms against the gathered years.
Around her womanhood the flower furls
The many, many petals of these hours,
And I must open one by one their silk,
Let the sun shine, and shade blow against time,
Let the rain fall and mellowness come in
Opening wide and wider near her heart,
The leaves that blush, the perfume shy and sweet.
But in the night, walking where moonbeams fall
Across white gardens of their childish sleep,
I think how soon, how soon the hour will shine
When I shall seize their blossoms to my heart
And desperately try to furl the time,
To close the flower, bud the opened breast,
Armor the bud with my own bones, my flesh,
And guard them from the searing of the frost.

FRANCES FRIESEKE

IN MEMORIAM

*The Five Sullivans—Lost on the Juneau
in the Coral Sea, November 13-15, 1942*

Five Irish lads stood tiptoe on the prairie
Stared over the plumed high corn of Iowa
And saw the blue Pacific lap the dusk
And where the sky sloped down on the winter wheat
They watched the wind sweep through the green shoal
water

And their hearts beat faster with the distant rumble
In the dark flotillas of the thunder heads.

II

Six centuries long the Sullivans of Kerry
Have looked to the west from bastions of Bearehaven
Looked through the mists of Dingle toward the Blaskets
Hugging the horizon like great men-of-war,
Looked through the Gulf Stream's breath beyond the
pennons

Of Spanish ships with wine and spice for Galway,
Looked for the land of youth and the land of promise
And they sailed west with the faith and songs of Kerry
Landing where whim of wind and commerce brought
them,

Boston, New York, Penn's city on the Bay,
Savannah, Charleston, the diked-up Creole city.
Hewers of wood and breakers of land, they gouged
The waterways across New York, New Jersey,
Built plank roads through the swamps, and bridged the
rivers,

Drove spikes with rhythm of the panting engine
And caught the dreams of empire in their hands.
Somewhere along the road their hearts made anchor
On prairie land, and sons and daughters came
With the blueness of deep water in their eyes.

III

If oil will soothe the ferment of the ocean
A drop of blood will bring the sea to boil

And spread the rancor till all shores are stained
By the wrack that purges from hearts of men.
December Seven. The little men of Nippon
Feathered like falcons with unhooded eyes
Fall on Pearl Harbor drugged in Sunday slumber,
And make the stain that honor must erase.
The sons of Kerrymen rush to the quarrel
Out of the midlands and their pulse is tuned
To tides of tempest though they've seen no ship
Save the argosies that drift across the moon.

IV

Five Sullivans from Iowa go forth to battle
Linked arm in arm, and make the willing bargain,
Win all, lose all, they take the cruiser *Juneau*
Which burrows southward through the dangerous isles
And plumbless depths and distance of blue water,
The old mirage of the winter wheat come true.
The Jap and Yank played many a game of tag
Through mist and rain, and coral reef and atoll,
But the Jap was it when the hide and seek was ended
And eight and twenty keels of the mute Mikado
Plummeted down three miles with seams wide open.
Nine Yankee craft went under, one the *Juneau*,
Her skin of steel ripped open but the mouths
Of her long guns spat flame across the water
Till water chilled their gullets with a hiss
Of fury, and they spoke no more in anger.

V

Sing out the paeon for the Yankee valor
With foemen vanquished and with shame avenged
But brothers five who came from Iowa
Will look no more on wind in the winter wheat
Nor hear the dry husks rustle in the Autumn;
They sleep with friend and enemy below
The curved blue arches of the Coral Sea.
Though sons of Kerry sail on every ocean
The sea's the sea, the blessed wide world over,
And the Gael who steers by shadow of the gull,
With O'Bruidar the Rogue, and Brendan the saintly
rover

Knows he shall hear through grottoes of dark water
The heavenly horn that summons sailors home.

A. M. SULLIVAN

REPLY TO AN ATHEIST

This Faith I own, this strength unmerited
Touching my life with motion as the wind
A windmill; this whole and everlasting Bread
A single crumb whereof and I am fed;

This urgency of Light, this flameless Fire,
This white and unrequiting Mercy, pinned
Star-bright against my spirit's dark desire;
This Will shaping a holocaustal pyre

Where I may char my will to passion-stripped
Denial; this Finger, cool and Jordan-dipped,
Laid on my mouth when I am angry-lipped;

This is my coat-of-mail against despair,
My barricade against the slow decay you prophesy.
Go lunge your sword-thrusts at the empty air!
The blow you tender *me* is struck too late.
I cannot die
Of anything so impotent as hate.

MARGARET MCCORMACK

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BOOKS

INTERRACIAL BOOKSHELF

AN AMERICAN DILEMMA. By Gunnar Myrdal. Harper and Bros. 2 vols. \$7.50

WHEN in 1938 it was made known that the Carnegie Foundation had invited a distinguished Swedish sociologist to come to this country and conduct an organized research into the condition of the American Negro, considerable misgivings were felt and expressed by persons already familiar with the existing mass of literature on this subject.

When reviewers see these two massive volumes land upon their desks, this early skepticism will doubtless revive in their hearts. On page 1183 of his 1483 pages of text, bibliography and footnotes, Dr. Myrdal notes that "the first books having the term 'sociology' in their title were almost exclusively concerned with the Negro problem"—by George Fitzhugh and Henry Hughes (both 1854). Was this to be another ante-mortem autopsy on the Negro's social worries and ailments? But the Myrdal *opus* is an agreeable disappointment. His immense marshaling of facts reads easily, and revolves around a challenging central thesis.

The Negro problem, says Myrdal, as others have said before him, cannot be treated in isolation: "It is an integral part of, or a special phase of, the whole complex of problems in the larger American civilization." It cannot be "scientifically explained in terms of the peculiarities of the Negroes themselves," but in the singular relations which exist between the races.

The heart of this dilemma is the conflict or contradiction that exists between the universal acceptance in this country, North and South alike, of the "American Creed," to use Myrdal's language, our basic belief in freedom under the law and equality of opportunity for all men; and the fixed belief, which Myrdal views as an obsession, that to grant to the Negro all that is literally implied under the "American Creed" will inevitably lead to "social equality" and legitimized racial intermingling (there is little concern about intermingling of the other type). The result is a "split personality" on the question among a large number of our fellow citizens, the building up of a legendary set of beliefs and "stereotypes" as an escape from reality, a morbid preoccupation with the same combined with a violent taboo against its mention or discussion.

Back of this phenomena he finds a century-old lag of public morals, with many phenomena repeated today in the case of the Negro which were found with regard to the working classes in the Mercantilist era of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This lag, in turn, reflects certain defects in our own juridical order. So far, there have been no "scientifically controlled nation-wide investigations" of this whole "determining" question of the white-supremacy attitude.

He concludes:

The situation is grave, and the years to come will provide a serious test of the political resourcefulness of white public authorities and other white and Negro leaders. But regardless of what happens, we do not believe that this is a turn for the worse in race relations in the South. . . . The long-run effect of the present opinion crisis in the South, because it is a catharsis for the whites, will be a change toward increased equality for the Negro. . . . In the long run . . . the conservative white Southerner can be won over to equalitarian reforms in line with the American Creed.

The vast store of information digested in this work does not admit of even a brief summary in a review. It will remain, for years to come, an encyclopedia of the question of race relations viewed on a national scale.

The insistence of many of the old-line educational or interracial projects for the Negro upon a purely "evolutionary" process, as opposed to any direct educational approach to the matter of race relations, will receive a rude jolt from Dr. Myrdal's blunt regrets that none such has yet been seriously attempted. One cannot pass over, however, a couple of needless and not so credible blemishes.

Those who were familiar with Dr. Myrdal's previous reputation as an ardent birth-control advocate, were not surprised at seeing the prominent place he gives in his scheme of things to this plan for curing social and economic evils by the simple process of reducing the numbers of those who would be afflicted by them. Since the Catholic Church, with its "fierce opposition" to birth control and its insistence upon radical social reform is weak in the South and there are few Catholic Negroes, he hopes for a "great development of the movement in the future. . . . It would seem that more and more the Southern States are on the way to making public funds available for birth-control work." Negro birth control, he finds, fits neatly into the Southern racial pattern.

I hope it was not the Doctor's preoccupation with this particular social hobby which kept him from including a single Catholic sociologist among the fifty-three or more persons who were consulted in the preparation and the revision of his treatise, or which inhibited him from finding space in his two volumes for even passing mention of the Catholic interracial movement and its educational program, or the work of the Catholic Church for the Negro masses. Nevertheless, his book remains an epoch-making contribution to the understanding of the race-relations problem.

JOHN LAFARGE

CONVERGING RIVULETS

THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN THOUGHT. By Merle Curti. Harper and Bros. \$5

THIS book should be pondered by everyone whose profession it is to bring Catholic truth before the American mind. The primary aim is the social history of American thought. Chronological arrangement groups into periods the dominant ideas characterizing successive epochs of our history. Major American contributions to knowledge highlight the vast mass of material here marshaled with scholarly skill.

Professor Curti manifests utmost sincerity and objectivity in his composition. The book is indeed remarkable for its absence of special pleading. It has no axes to grind, and the author shows himself well aware that his findings ought not to be taken as definitive.

Certain limitations of intellectual climate appear to weaken the study. Perhaps the most patent deficiency of the book is its failure to give adequate treatment to the rich contribution of Catholicism to our American heritage. Lesser omissions should be expected in so large a work, and criticism of this defect ought not be exaggerated. But why was so eminent a political thinker as James Wilson passed over in silence? And one looks in vain for some acknowledgment of the profound influence of Jean Jacques Burlamaqui on the Founding Fathers.

As a more positive criticism, numerous views and statements call for review or at least for qualification. The supernatural is largely identified with the superstitious. Doctrines peculiar to Protestantism, such as the total depravity of human nature and predestination, are attributed to Christianity in general. The author gives the definite impression that he equates exact knowledge to what is learned only from empirical, physical science, and that even its truths are relative. Prescinding from the absolute need of a higher and philosophical truth, would Professor Curti contend that it is only relatively true that there is such a document as the Bill of Rights or that the Civil War was really fought?

Aside from such shortcomings, the book presents an invaluable background for the understanding of American thought. It brings into clear focus the previously

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hidden countenances of many noteworthy Americans. In its pages the true American emerges historically as a practical, generous, fair-minded and at bottom sincerely religious individual. True, a deistic strain seems much too pervasive in the treatment, in so far as it denies the supernatural. But when this deism is seen in its historical setting as a reaction to the aberrations and opportunistic recessions of Protestantism, it may, even though deplored, be viewed with kindly understanding and sympathy. It is but the manifestation of that deep trait of character which makes the American genuine in his pursuit of truth and compels him to disavow anything that is "phony."

In a stimulating finale, Curti depicts the intellectual disillusionment and bewilderment of the moderns. The thoroughness and integrity of the entire work give good reason for a hope that the American people, historically so dedicated to truth, will work their way through the welter of present-day vagaries until they reach that Truth under Whose guidance and enlightenment our nation will produce the best fruits of mind and heart.

NORBERT J. HUETTER

MORE MARKING TIME

WORK AND PLAY. Containing *Mountain Days* and *Work and Play*, Vols. xxi and xxii of *Men of Good Will*. By Jules Romains. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3

THE static phase of Romains' gigantic novel, which first became apparent after the titanic travail of *Verdun* in *Aftermath* and *The New Day*, continues with *Work and Play*. We had long since coasted out of the reed-bordered, tidy French river-reaches of his *roman fleuve* into the whirling *mal de mer* of the great ocean of affairs; now we find ourselves becalmed in this doldrum *malaise* of the early postwar years. In a work of such dimensions as M. Romains' one can tolerate, even enjoy, interludes, but epic or not, an *opus* cannot afford to be all interludes, and wellnigh six volumes of unmitigated interlude seem a bit thick.

Granted that the mid-twenties represent a somewhat barren stretch in the march of events, especially in France, one feels that M. Romains might have seen fit to relax his inexorable artistic integrity in the way of exhaustive treatment; but since he has not chosen to do so, let us register this moderate and respectful criticism: those deadly distances that were the 'Twenties are stumping their chronicler—at least in terms of his achievement for the Tens and late Hundreds—but he is flunking brilliantly. May the good genius who broods benignly over the roof of the *Ecole Normale* save him from being "plucked" in the succeeding volumes.

Mountain Days carries Jean Jerphanion into the Cevennes on an electoral "reconnaissance patrol" prior to his campaign for election to the Chamber as Deputy for Le Puy. The electioneering details are enlivened by one of those excursions into *banlieus* of domestic crime that have delighted Frenchmen from the day of Gaboriau to that of Simenon; this *roman-policier* aspect remains more in the realm of discreet implication than when Romains deals with the exploits of Quinette, but the reader enjoys the singularly rewarding experience of being introduced to a Georges Bernanos sort of village *Curé*, who permits his creator to explore what Wallace Fowlie has described as the Frenchman's double flair for the psychology of love and religion. The psychology of love has a chance to play its part in *Work and Play*, where the eminent jurist, Lévy-Sangre, helps Haverkamp unravel his marital perplexities, and Jallez and Odette together attempt to secure the doors of the Jerphanion household against the blandishments of politically-minded Countesses.

It is in this latter sphere of politics that the two volumes reveal Romains' old mastery of the intermeshed minutiae of finance and statecraft which has stamped him the first of contemporary political novelists in a manner less satirical than that of Belloc and less sym-

pathetically personal than that of Trollope, but far more searching than either of the English masters in this line.

His ideas remain at about the same level of development; he takes rather vague issue with the Péguy concept of *mystique* in public life; he seems to be reaching almost the De Maistre position on revolution; there is the old nostalgia, now shared by Arthur Koestler, for a new and secular Knights Templar to solve the riddles of the world; his occasional Villonesque power of macabre imagery sees humanity as a drunken old hag sleeping off "her last war amid the snores and hiccups of a nightmare"; and lovers of *Men of Good Will's* lyricism of Paris will find Laulerque's Proustian soliloquy on the Caulaincourt Bridge as good as ever. But it just doesn't move.

CHARLES A. BRADY

ASIA UNBOUND. By Sydney Greenbie. Appleton-Century \$3

THIS is four hundred pages of vivid reading to illustrate the course of events in the Far East, particularly during the past quarter of a century, notably in political and economic developments, but not bereft of such earlier backgrounds as might be significant. Previously chained to exploitation, and on the verge of an emergency, the East might have had a chance to develop had not an avaricious Japan grabbed right and left for profit and power. The West has been blind. The evil lay in a deceptive facility at being hoodwinked. The remedy lies in compulsory recognition of the rights of minorities and in freedom of speech to criticize—which never exist in a totalitarian state or a fanatical "Divine monarchy" living in a "fantastic feudal dream."

The author sees only eventual death in every touch of the Japanese mind, which has at best but two facets, crude cruelty and intelligent selfishness. These men are pagans. They will be completely human only after true conversion, education, freedom of individual action, and constant testing for capacity and continuous guarding for security. They are, indeed, just as likely to accept annihilation or self-annihilation. This is the thesis of this book, which is vivid, realistic, with the ring of truth which is, after all, only an echo of the previously established competence of the author.

ELBRIDGE COLBY

THE RUSSIAN ARMY. By Walter Kerr. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.75

THIS is a war correspondent's book and a very good one. It gives many interesting accounts of the Russian Army as it is today, and explains how it fought. It outlines the campaigns of Moscow and of Stalingrad.

Like other foreign correspondents, Mr. Kerr was not allowed near the front. He had to gather his news from what others told him, and from visits to what had been the front. In spite of this handicap, he secured much information which has not been previously published in this country.

The Russian Army is a close-knit organization. It is run by the Communist Party, and no one not a member can rise to high rank. Russia is suspicious of her own allies. She allows no foreign pilot to fly over her territory, not even to deliver Lend-Lease planes. These are delivered in either Alaska or Iran, and then flown in by Russian crews. Foreign physicians are not permitted to observe sanitary conditions, nor the ways of handling the wounded. Russia desires no interference, nor criticisms as to how to run the war.

This book, which has a good index, will be found instructive to both the general reader and the student.

CONRAD H. LANZA

NORBERT J. HUETTER is pursuing graduate studies in Philosophy at Fordham University.

CHARLES A. BRADY is head of the English Department at Canisius College, Buffalo.

ELBRIDGE COLBY has served in the Far East. He is at present somewhere abroad with the Armed Forces.

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STORM OPERATION. A new war play by Maxwell Anderson, who has already written two capital ones, was inevitable after his recent excursion to the fighting front. We now have it at the Belasco Theatre, under the auspices of the Playwrights' Company and the direction of Michael Gordon.

In the five episodes of his latest drama, *Storm Operation*, Mr. Anderson gives us a prolog, an epilog, and four straight scenes. The prolog shows us an invasion barge "somewhere in the Mediterranean." The epilog offers us another barge, over the cryptic comment "It might be tomorrow."

Between prolog and epilog we are given the action of the play itself, first in a camp near Maknassy, then in a tent close to the front lines, and finally in the dry bed of a mountain stream. We are so near the war that we can hear the sounds of it, can almost see the sights. And though most of my hard-boiled colleagues took it all very calmly the night we saw the play, I must admit that for two hours I myself was in the war.

I saw Sergeant Peter Moldau meeting his first tests as the commander of a small surviving company of soldiers; I watched with approval the arrival of the British captain who had to accept the sergeant temporarily as his commanding officer. I was interested in the appearance of the two girls who were both officers and nurses. I was impressed by native guides and bread-sellers and runners. I followed the love story of the veiled native girl and the American doughboy, and I watched the tense rivalry over one of the nurses, between the British captain and the American sergeant. I got the full benefit of plot and action, of types and sights and sounds, including the haunting Arab chants. If I was not in the war, I did not know it.

The illusion held till the British captain, admirably played by Bramwell Fletcher, performed the false marriage ceremony for his sergeant rival and one of the commissioned nurses, played by Gertrude Musgrove. That aroused me from my trance of approval of everything that had preceded it. It was not in keeping. It rang false from start to finish. No amount of good acting could make it seem justifiable against that background and in those conditions. The shock of its inclusion was as definite as a false note in good music.

I sat up and began to wonder whether, with such a flaw in the drama, the rest if it had really been as good as I had thought it. I remembered that in former plays Mr. Anderson had introduced one or two discordant notes which had interrupted, and indeed had almost destroyed, the fine harmony of his work as a whole. After that, illusion was gone. I began to criticize details of the play. But it was now pretty late and the performance was nearly over. I had to concentrate on the acting.

There is nothing to criticize in this acting. The work of the whole company is good. Myron McCormick is exactly the type of American sergeant he should be with a job of work to do and a grim determination to do it as well and as briskly as possible. Bramwell Fletcher is wholly convincing as the British officer who sees the sergeant's faults almost at a glance, but also discovers his virtues—after some time and study. Gertrude Musgrove as the officer-nurse responsible for the rivalry of captain and sergeant does some very good acting, and Dorothea Freed seizes the few opportunities she has been given as the second nurse. Sara Anderson as the native girl is excellent in her scenes, and Cy Howard as her purchaser gives us most of the laughs in the play. There are few laughs these days in war or war plays.

Howard Bay's settings and Moe Hack's lighting are both fine. Let us forget the false note of the mock marriage and concentrate on the play's good points. It really has a great many of them.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

STANDING ROOM ONLY. The war madness that besets Washington these days is taken over the hurdles in another comedy. And there are laughs aplenty built around the servant-and-housing shortage, all of which help to make this amusing escapist fare. Fred MacMurray and Paulette Goddard are starred as a boss and his secretary who journey to the crowded city in search of a war contract for his toy factory. Because there is absolutely no other way, they hire out as a butler and cook. First of all, it provides them with a place to live and, secondly, it permits the man to contact the officials necessary. Needless to say, hilarious complications arise through the pair's inexperience and because of a consuming desire to "get their man." Throughout these zany events Mr. MacMurray delivers his usual affable performance, while Miss Goddard is gay and likable as his partner. Roland Young and Edward Arnold are delightful in a couple of gay characterizations. Sophisticated situations and dialog dot the madcap nonsense and the result is reasonably sure to amuse mature moviegoers. (*Paramount*)

NONE SHALL ESCAPE. Though this film offers nothing outstanding as entertainment, it presents an interesting angle in that it treats of the postwar disposition of enemy criminals. The action is centered around a United Nations tribunal during the trial of a Nazi official. Testimony against the man is given by some Poles who managed to survive his reign of terror. By means of flashbacks, the sordid story is told, how he tolerated and even ordered mass murders, unspeakable brutalities, looting and property destruction. The presentation of these atrocities is very strong stuff at times, with the whole a candid delineation of an unmitigated criminal. The cast is headed by Alexander Knox, Marsha Hunt and Henry Travers. Though there are greater possibilities in this story than the picture ever begins to achieve, and at times one doubts its value as entertainment, adults who can take such a heavy cinema diet may consider it thought-provoking. (*Columbia*)

HENRY ALDRICH, BOY SCOUT. It seems too bad that young Henry does not receive better treatment at the hands of Hollywood. This time most of the fun that usually injects itself into the adolescent's complicated life is missing, while a serious vein built around scouting has been introduced. Maybe the Boy Scouts, or ardent Aldrich fans will find the results worth their interest; no one else will, I am afraid. Jimmy Lydon, as Henry, is a scout master who shoulders the blame for the naughty pranks of one of his small charges. Of course, his virtue is rewarded and the mischievous youngster is made to see the error of his ways. The usual members of the Aldrich family cast are present, with Darryl Hickman doing a believable job as the troupe pest. This is harmless stuff for anyone in the family. (*Paramount*)

TIMBER QUEEN. Just about everything from the old formula has been whipped into this action melodrama: saving the land for the poor widow—only this time she is the shapely Mary Beth Hughes; foiling the villain who would defraud her—a new twist makes it a dive-bombing expedition over a dam; the hero, played by Richard Arlen, getting the widow before the fade-out. The outdoor phases of this drama are woven around Arlen's efforts to save timber for the wife of his dead pal. Some of the logging sequences prove interesting, but a night-club angle involving gangsters seems out of order and not one bit interesting. This Western type picture is mediocre entertainment and only those adults particularly addicted to tales of open spaces will find it worth consideration. (*Paramount*) MARY SHERIDAN

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PARADE

WHAT seem like contradictory views of Shakespeare and Byron on an extremely important topic may be causing uneasiness and confusion in numerous minds today. . . . But the Shakespeare-Byron controversy, it can now be told, is more apparent than real. . . . Shakespeare says: "Men at some time are masters of their fates," whereas Byron declares: "Men are the sport of circumstances, when the circumstances seem the sport of men." . . . Though a first glance seems to put the poets poles apart, deeper probing reveals that these giant intellects are merely focusing on different phases of reality. . . . This lack of fundamental divergence in the Shakespearian and Byronian attitudes can be illustrated by events which occurred last week. . . . In California, a patrolman achieved the distinction of being the only policeman on record who ever shot himself twice in the seat of the pants with the same bullet. This policeman, following the capture of a culprit, was returning his gun to its holster when it was accidentally discharged. The bullet pierced the seat of his pants, ricocheted from the sidewalk and returned for another piercing of the trousers' seat. Strangely enough, the officer was not wounded, the only permanent marks left by the occurrence being two trouser patches. . . . It is inconceivable that Shakespeare, had he been in California and witnessed the officer blazing away at the trousers, would have considered the minion of the law as responsible for the eccentric movements of the bullet. . . . He would have issued a statement to the effect that the man was the sport of circumstances. . . . This basic agreement of Shakespeare and Byron is further exemplified by an incident in Tennessee. A policeman there was handed a rifle and instructed to guard two lions being transferred from a traveling cage to their new zoo habitat. After the kings of the jungle were locked up in their zoo cages, the policeman's chief remarked: "I forgot to tell you that the firing pin on that rifle you had is broken. It wouldn't have fired." Thus, the patrolman, while walking behind the lions, did not know his gun wasn't loaded. The lions, fortunately enough, did not know it either. . . . Shakespeare would not have pictured a policeman escorting a pair of lions with an unloaded gun as the master of his fate.

Contrariwise, other events of the week would have made Byron see eye to eye with Shakespeare. . . . A Hollywood man returning from a trip found his wife's relatives had moved into his home. Immediately after this discovery, three fires started in the house. Arrested, the man stated: "I did it just to get the in-laws out of the place." . . . No one can conceive Byron depicting an incendiary as the sport of circumstance. . . . A Knoxville husband, sitting at home, heard a woman scream. Rushing to the street, he saw his forty-year-old wife sitting on a man, holding him down. She revealed that when she resisted the thief's attempt to grab her purse, he had hit her over the head and that then: "I guess I lost my temper." . . . Byron would concur with Shakespeare and admit that this woman was master of her fate.

Thus Byron and Shakespeare are not actually in conflict. Men can, to some extent, be the sport of circumstances and still, by and large, be the masters of their fates. . . . In any event, one thing is certain. . . . In the all-important thing—the question of their eternal destiny—men are not the sports of circumstance. A man may accidentally shoot his trousers. . . . Through ignorance, a man may carry an unloaded gun while consorting with lions. . . . But no man ever landed in hell through accident or ignorance. . . . In respect to their eternal destiny, men are masters of their fate.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

CORRESPONDENCE

BLESSED ARE THE POOR—COLLEGES

EDITOR: The thought has been recurring to my mind since I saw the article on the Catholic College and its cajoling of Croesus, that it should have been on the Catholic College and its confidence in Christ. If the individual is blessed who is poor in spirit, because his is the Kingdom of God, may not our institutions be benefited best by following the same beatitude?

Caldwell, N. J.

(REV.) WILLIAM J. HALLIWELL

STATES' RIGHTS

EDITOR: The paragraph on States' Rights in your issue of January 1 reminds me that AMERICA itself seems to be among those who "will prosecute or will abandon the issue of States' rights as happens to suit their own particular interests."

Back in the days when it was opposing prohibition, the establishment of a Federal Department of Education and the proposal to extend Federal aid to certain classes of maternity cases, AMERICA was an ardent champion of States' rights and a consistent opponent of encroachment of the Federal Government on the rights of the States.

Nowadays in its discussion of legislative and administrative measures which are no part of the war effort, AMERICA not infrequently bestows an inferential blessing on the increasing concentration of power in the Federal Government with consequent impairment of the rights of the States.

What is AMERICA's position on States' Rights? Remembering the late Father Blakely's incisive and scintillating articles on the subject, one would expect a consistent defense of them, but several recent issues suggest that AMERICA, like the people it criticizes, invokes them only when they serve its purposes of the moment.

Kansas City, Mo.

J. A. BUDINGER

[AMERICA takes pride in the alertness of its readers, and in this deserved tribute to its revered Associate Editor, lately passed away. However, Father Blakely, with his strong constitutional sense, would be the first to recognize that the decisions of the Supreme Court, since 1937, have broadened the scope of Federal powers in subjects once treated as exclusively State business. EDITOR.]

ONE FOR TOO-TWO

EDITOR: I am glad that I did not write Katherine Terry Dooley's article *Betty (Too Two) Stays at Home* (AMERICA, Jan. 1, 1944). I would have been hurt and offended at the lack of charity shown in the letters of recent correspondents (AMERICA, Jan. 22, 1944).

Father Ausman ought to have seen that Mrs. Dooley was not speaking of those parents who have no other alternative than to take their young children to Mass. This is, I admit—and I am sure Mrs. Dooley would admit—often the case in rural communities. Her very words are . . . "I object to small children being taken to Mass unnecessarily."

In the three letters under question, Mrs. Dooley is accused 1) of showing an "uncharitable triumph at having achieved the state of marriage" 2) of moving "in circles which do not represent the rank and file of our typical Catholic families" 3) of giving her two-year-old daughter an unsubstantial religious diet.

In the light of Mrs. Dooley's own words, I cannot see how any one of these criticisms holds. Is it uncharitable to be happy (triumphant, if you will) over the fact that you are "fourteen years married and the mother of four children"? To rejoice (to be triumphant, if you will) in the realization of your true vocation is not, I should say, uncharitable.

And what, I may ask, is the typical Catholic family? Isn't any Catholic family, faithfully practising its religion, sending its children to Catholic schools and teaching them to love God and to seek salvation above all things, a typically Catholic family?

To my notion little Brigid's religious diet is pretty substantial. The religious pictures, the nursery altar, the crucifix and statues which Mrs. Dooley mentions—is it not far better for little Brigid to cherish these at home than to dangle a rosary over some unsuspecting parishioner's shoulder at Mass?

Like Mrs. Dooley I am the mother of four children. (Twelve years married and very triumphant, thank you!) When my elder son was confirmed in the Church last November, my heart was filled with the most exquisite joy (all the more so because my own childhood was not Catholic) and when my younger son receives his first Holy Communion in the Spring I know it will be the same.

However, as to my irresistible daughters, Sylvia who is *very four* and Marina who is *much too two*, they stay at home.

Scarsdale, N. Y.

JESSIE CORRIGAN PEGIS

SAINT THOMAS AND DEMOCRACY

EDITOR: Little quarrel can be had with Don Sturzo's and Mr. Canavan's kind and accurate criticism of my "Idea of Democracy in Saint Thomas." Don Sturzo's insistence that "real popular democracy" flourished in the Italian medieval cities is quite justifiable and suggests a further point which may possibly help to clear up some misunderstanding. Evidently Saint Thomas did not formulate his principles of democracy out of thin air. The Saint merely made philosophically articulate what had hitherto been instinctive. Democracies and democratic laws had existed prior to the Saint's lifetime, but it took Saint Thomas to hew out of hard philosophic stone the principles that are the foundations of all true democracy.

Professor McIlwain's opinion, cited by Mr. Canavan, that the matured preference of Saint Thomas was for simple elective monarchy rather than "mixed government" is interesting, but so far I have found little in the later writings of the Saint which is in support of this opinion.

It was not my intention, moreover, to prove that Saint Thomas was a universal suffragist. After all (as Professor Beard's *Republic* has lately reminded us), universal suffrage is not essential to democracy. The early Constitution entirely omitted the question of suffrage and left it to the individual States to decide who was and who was not to vote. Yet this does not prevent us from calling that document truly democratic. But, as a matter of fact, the insistence of Saint Thomas and the Founding Fathers on the right of the people to choose their ruler actually paved the way for universal suffrage. The only concern of the Saint and the writers of the Constitution was that the voter be politically mature; later generations, wisely or unwisely, have thought this maturity to be the common property of all adults.

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PRIESTS in many pulpits will announce this coming Sunday: "Today is Septuagesima Sunday," and we very much fear that too few who hear the announcement will catch even the word, much less its meaning.

At least the change of vestments will give us fair warning that some change is taking place. The violet vestments in place of green tell us that Lent is not far off. Here we are, only five short weeks from Christmas, and the Church is hustling us into Lent. We might be tempted to stay overlong at the Manger, thinking only of the joy of Christ's birth.

The Church today seems to tell us to move along to the realization that Christ was born to work, to suffer, to die, to offer Himself for us to God, and so to teach us to work and suffer and die and offer ourselves with Him to God. Yet even the work and the suffering and the dying, the Church does not present to us in all their naked harshness. The Church does not preach suffering or pain or work for their own sake. She presents them all to us as a prelude to, a preparation for the joy of the Resurrection.

We might almost say that the Church has no Lenten season. The Church has no penitential season. She has only a pre-Easter season, a pre-Resurrection period. That is why today is called Septuagesima Sunday or, more accurately, Sunday in Septuagesima—that is to say, the Sunday that falls within a period of seventy days before Easter. Next Sunday will be Sexagesima Sunday, the Sunday that falls within a period of sixty days before Easter. The eye of the Church is on Easter. The eye of the Church is on the promise and hope and joy of the Resurrection. The stress is all on love and joy.

It is true that all through this period the Church will insist on the need of penance, on the value of work, on the inevitability of suffering in all human life, and its usefulness in the Divine scheme of things. Always, however, She keeps insisting on the value of hard things.

The Church never says that penance and self-denial are beautiful things in themselves. She does say that penance, motivated by a loving desire to make up to the Loved One we have hurt, is a very beautiful and very human act of love. She does say that self-denial, motivated by a loving admiration for the character of Christ and a desire to make ourselves more Christlike, is a perfectly reasonable, human way of manifesting our love for Christ.

The Church does not call suffering beautiful. It is not beautiful. It is ugly, harsh, repellant. Pain is something we naturally shrink from. But the suffering Christ, the dying Christ, accepting pain and death out of love for us, offering His suffering and His death for our salvation—there is all the beauty of love. So, too, is all that suffering beautiful which purifies us and makes us more like Christ, the suffering which is accepted willingly and generously so that we may see fulfilled in us the full pattern of the Life of Christ, the suffering that is generously borne, united with the suffering of Christ, offered with His suffering to God "for our salvation and for that of the entire world."

It is only love that makes all harsh things beautiful. It is the joy of love that makes all hard things bearable. It is union with Christ alone that can give real joy to human hearts. That union today, tomorrow, for many tomorrows needs must be a union with Christ in work, in penance, in suffering, in death. That union on our Great Tomorrow will be a union with the Risen Christ, the Glorious Christ, the Christ beyond the reach of suffering. And the joy of that union will dim alike the memory of earth's greatest suffering and earth's greatest joy. And even for the youngest of us, that Great Tomorrow is not too far distant.

J. P. D.

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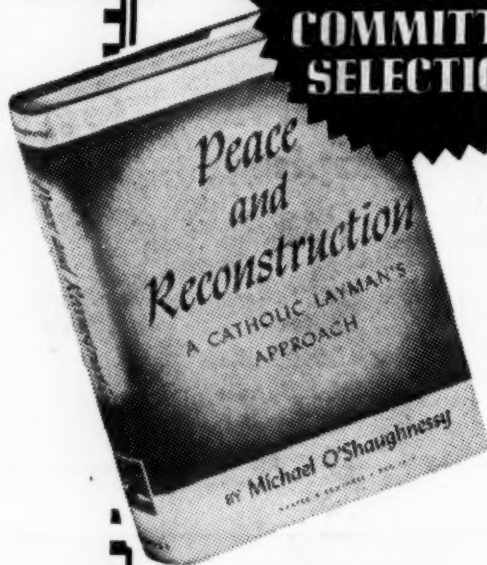
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